

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXV. No. 2151

London  
September 16, 1942



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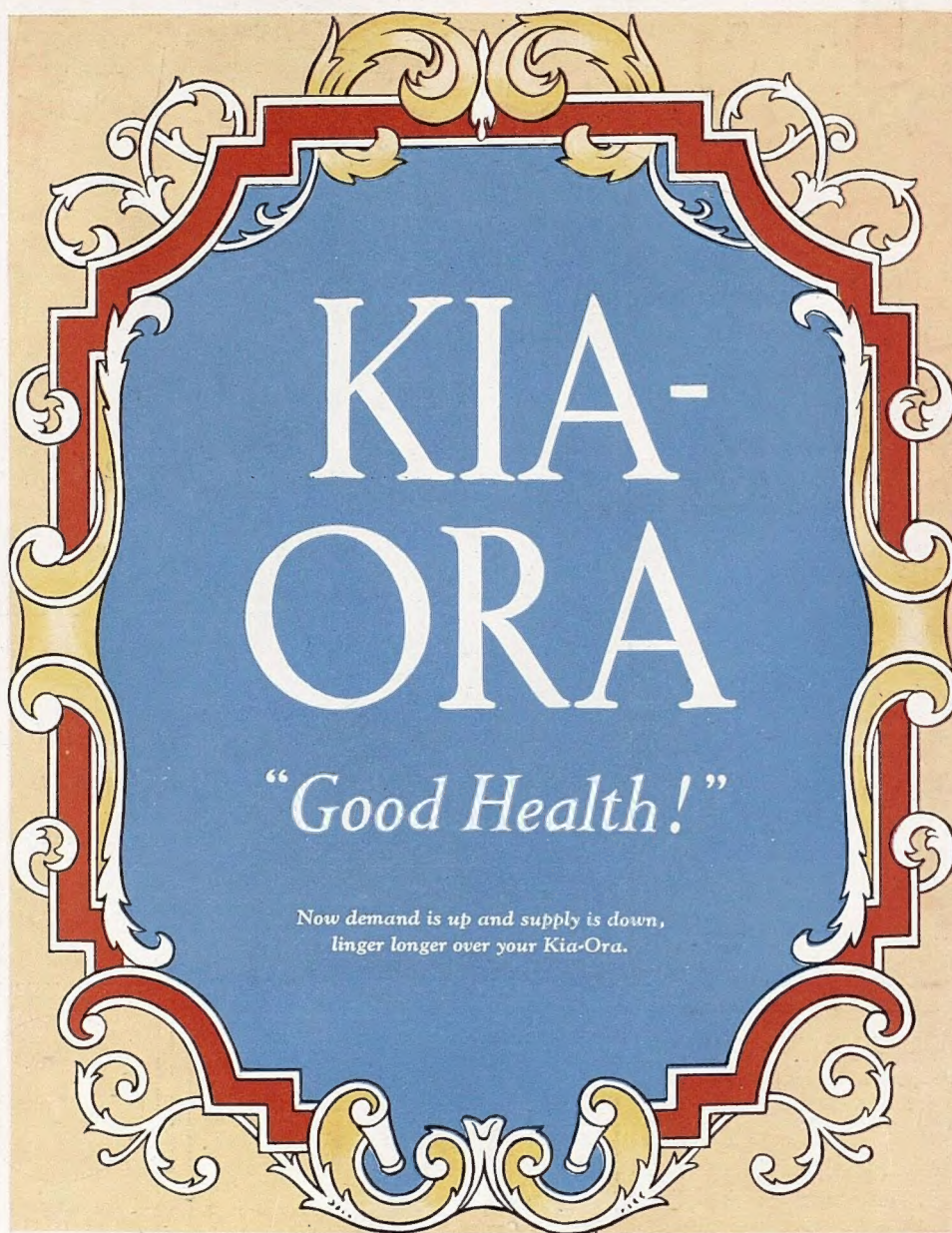
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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 16, 1942

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXV. No. 2151

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d Foreign 1½d



Marcus Adams

## Lady Angela Pepys and Her Daughters

The wife of the Hon. John Pepys was Lady Angela Larnach-Nevill, and is the only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny, and sister of the Earl of Lewes. Her husband, who is the Earl of Cottenham's only brother, is managing director of one of the largest firms of industrial caterers, and takes a great interest in the recently formed National Society of Caterers to Industry. Lady Angela is vice-president of the British Red Cross Society in Hertfordshire, and works regularly at Bishop Stortford Hospital. She married Mr. Pepys as her second husband in 1933, and they have three little girls, Marye, who is eight; Davina Rose, aged two; and Gillian, born last year



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Willkie Says So

THE news from Egypt is good. I think that it is very good, but the general idea in Whitehall is that we mustn't throw our hats in the air yet. Things might go wrong. What a state of mind to get into! But Mr. Wendell Willkie has been in the desert and seen those who took part in the battle. He says the tide has turned. So let us rejoice, and count our blessings. Rommel's retreat is equal to a victory, even though it is a small one. We ought to be grateful that this success has attended our arms. If there is a reverse the people of this country are schooled to take it. They've taken a lot of bad knocks and we're still standing. I am sure the men who fought under Montgomery will want us to rejoice, for they turned back Rommel's Panzers and that must have been a happy moment for them. Reading the news it seems that Rommel's Panzers made a short, sharp attack on our line and then bounced back as if they had hit a wall of steel. We must not over-estimate what this means at this moment; but neither must we under-estimate the probable effect on the ever-successful Rommel. Obviously he didn't expect to come up against such resistance. He thought he would find a soft spot on which he could concentrate all his force. Before the battle he told his men that they were going to Cairo and that they would be there in a few days. For once he made a mistake. His men are retracing their steps. Some of them have reached the original positions from which they started. Let us hope that they will not be allowed to remain there. Now is the time to hit hard, and we can rest assured General Alexander and General Montgomery will do so if they can. Their orders are to smash Rommel, and they'll do it. I think they have shown that we can afford to be optimistic.

## Past Experiences

I CAN quite understand that the War Cabinet are not anxious to raise hopes among the people and then see them dashed away by some freak of fortune. It has happened so often, and men in high places have become super-cautious in expressing opinions. They fear the reactions from their critics. The result is the spectacle of the Prime Minister bubbling with good health, good humour and great confidence telling the House of Commons that the fighting in Egypt should be considered "as not unsatisfactory." Everybody in the House of Commons realised what he meant and laughed. But this did not stop Mr. Arthur Greenwood complaining. His complaint was that Mr. Churchill might have been bolder and declared to the House that actually the situation in Egypt was "definitely satisfactory." But all this is a play on words and so unnecessary, for the facts are plain for every one to see. Rommel launched an attack, and Rommel has had to retreat. We are told the losses are heavy and under the self-denying ordinance of the High Command in Cairo we can interpret the heavy losses as meaning something more. The German losses must have been very heavy for the High Command to use this phrase. Of course, there is danger in our being compelled to assess a situation in this way. Therefore the best we can do is to await the progress of events, believing and hoping that Mr. Wendell Willkie is right and that the tide has turned.

## Gallant Tribute

MR. CHURCHILL'S tribute to the late Duke of Kent was most moving in the beauty of the phrases he chose. They fell on a quietened Chamber whose Members appreciated but could not applaud the Prime Minister when he described the late duke as "this gallant and



Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps

The Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons was photographed walking in London recently with his wife. Lady Cripps is the very active president of the United Aid to China Fund, in which cause she takes a great interest.

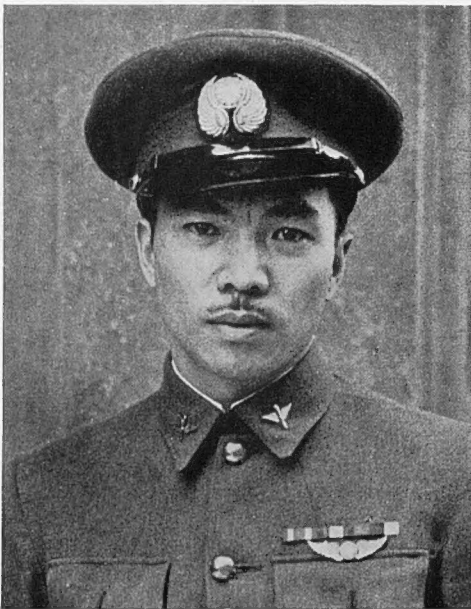
handsome prince," and again when he spoke of the Duchess of Kent as "the beautiful and stricken princess." But even more striking was Mr. Churchill's testimony to his faith in the life after death. It is in times like these that Mr. Churchill shows the depths of his religious conviction. He reads his Bible frequently, but does not parade his religion. It is inspiring to many that in the middle of this bitter struggle for freedom, and in this historic assembly where passions can flame and parties can challenge, the Leader of the nation can express his faith. It pierces the cynicism of politics and makes men pause.

## Politicians and the Press

I SEE that Mr. Hore-Belisha says that it would do journalists no harm if they sought the opportunity for occasional periods of retirement and reflection in a monastery. It would be very hard on some politicians who lay great store by their publicity, if Mr. Hore-Belisha's advice was followed. For instance, there might have been no record of his recent visit to a Cistercian monastery, where we are told he fulfilled the Trappist vow of silence and assisted the monks in their work in the fields. Three choice gossip paragraphs would have been lost to an evening newspaper and Mr. Hore-Belisha would not have had the opportunity to tell his countrymen that solitude is good for the soul. I should not have been able to write this paragraph, nor would I have known that "one comes away from such an experience with an entirely new perspective."

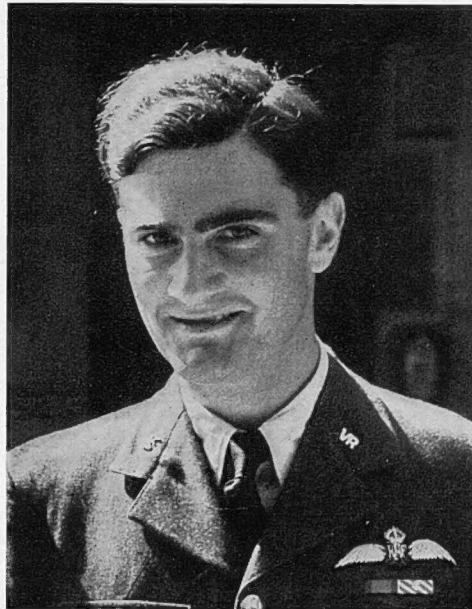
## American Visitors

MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN is responsible for organising hospitality for American troops stationed in this country. He had been at work for some time before his new duties were officially announced, and already there have been good results. People in all parts of the country have taken kindly to the young Americans who are so keen to join in the fighting. I am told that the letters these young men are writing home to the United States show how appreciative they are. There is no doubt that here is a wonderful opportunity to cement the bonds of Anglo-American friendship. The Americans are teaching us facts about their own country, at the same time



Chinese Fighter Ace in London

Major John Pun-Yung Hwang is now Air Attaché at the Chinese Embassy, after five years active service in China. He has destroyed nine enemy aircraft, and wears a row of medals



Winner of a Norwegian Decoration

Wing Commander F. D. S. Scott Malden, R.A.F., was awarded the War Cross by King Haakon, for having commanded the Norwegian Air Force unit with courage and resourcefulness during the Dieppe operations



### At Westminster Abbey

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten are here seen entering the Abbey to attend the Memorial Service for the Duke of Kent. Lord Louis, who became Chief of Combined Operations in March this year, is a cousin of the King and of the late Duke

getting first-hand experience of ours. In this way we shall be able to understand each other better. Our soldiers have gained great respect for the military outlook and discipline of the American Army. One thing they have learned, according to an officer friend, is that there's no respect for red tape in the American Army. Everything is done at the double and no obstructions are tolerated. "It is simply grand working with the American Army. They've come here to do a job and I can tell you they are getting on with it," he said.

### Coal Shortage

MR. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE has set off on the most important mission of his career. He is visiting the coal-fields for the purpose of making personal contact with miners and managers. His object is to imbue all those employed in the industry with a new spirit of urgency. The coal situation is serious. More

coal must be produced, otherwise there will be shortage this winter. This is no mere propaganda talk. There'll have to be rationing if coal is not produced in larger quantities. Mr. Lloyd George wishes to avoid rationing. That is why he has gone to talk to the miners themselves. He will promise them the co-operation of all consumers if they will play their part. I think Mr. Lloyd George will succeed, for apart from his power to charm, he is a man of great determination. He means to make a success of his administration of the Fuel Ministry. So much depends on it. The war cannot be won without coal. Coal means steel, steel means guns, tanks, aeroplanes. Coal means light and heat and warmth for those who have to work, and for those who cannot work because they have already played their part. Mr. Lloyd George will tell us this many times this winter. I hope that he'll be able to tell us soon that production is mounting and consumption is being properly confined to our real needs. There must be no wastage of coal.

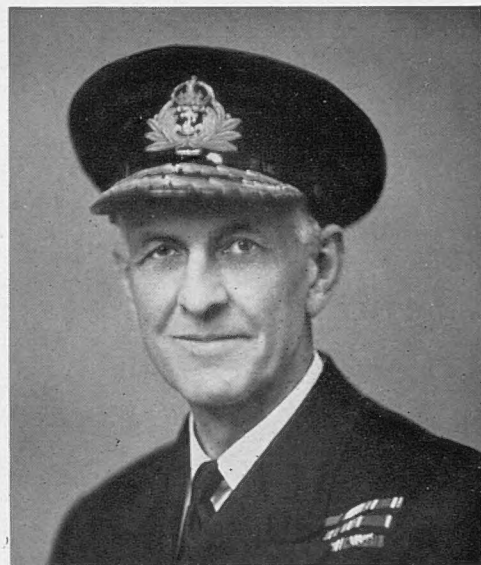
### New Viceroy

THE appointment of a new Viceroy of India is being considered by the Prime Minister. This is no reflection on Lord Linlithgow. He has fulfilled a difficult task with great credit. But he has been away for nearly seven years. The normal term of a Viceroy is five years. Difficult days lie ahead in India. There's need for a change. Several prominent people have been mentioned for the post including Sir Samuel Hoare, who is on leave from his Embassy in Madrid, and Sir John Dill, who has lately returned from Washington. Sir John is Governor-designate of Bombay, and there are those think that Mr. Churchill might make a change in custom by appointing a soldier as Viceroy. This is by no means certain, however. It has been the custom to ask a statesman who has had long political experience to shoulder these responsibilities. There was some resentment when Sir John Dill was appointed to the Bombay governorship. The House of Commons regards Bombay as the privilege of the House of Commons. Mr. Churchill may be deterred by this. If he does not recommend a soldier to the King it is thought that he might break with tradition and select a young man for the Viceroyship. Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education, has been mentioned in this connection. Mr.

Butler is in his early forties. He was specially thanked by the House of Commons for assisting Sir Samuel Hoare in piloting the India Reform Bill through the House of Commons. In addition he has the further advantage that he was born in India and can pronounce even the most difficult Indian names. Moreover, he is a man of considerable character and an administrator whose capacity grows each year.

### Danger Averted

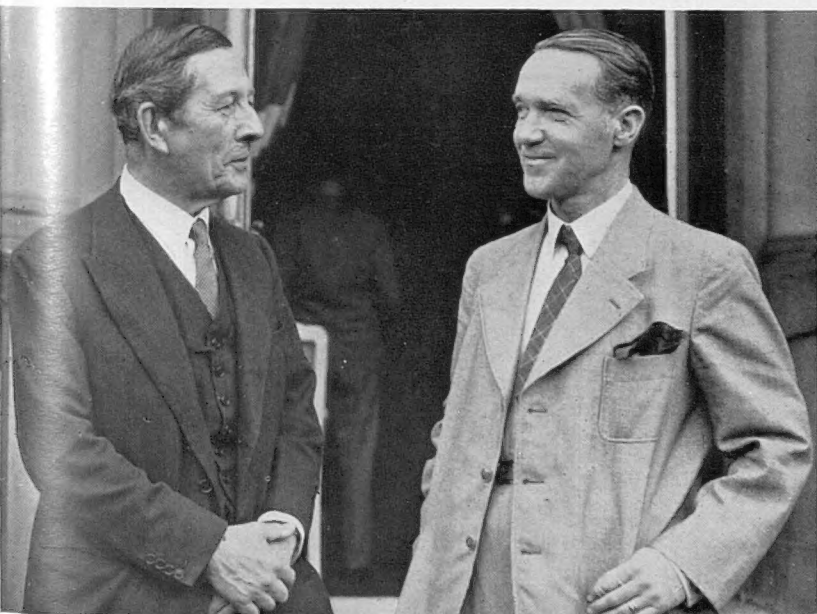
IN the debate on the position in India neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Amery were able to give all the information in their possession. It is clear, however, that the Government of India acted wisely when they arrested the Congress leaders. Had they not done so, the chaos in India would by this time have been indescribable. Traitors were in touch with Japanese. They were getting ready to sell out. All this has been averted by strong and wise control.



Stoneman

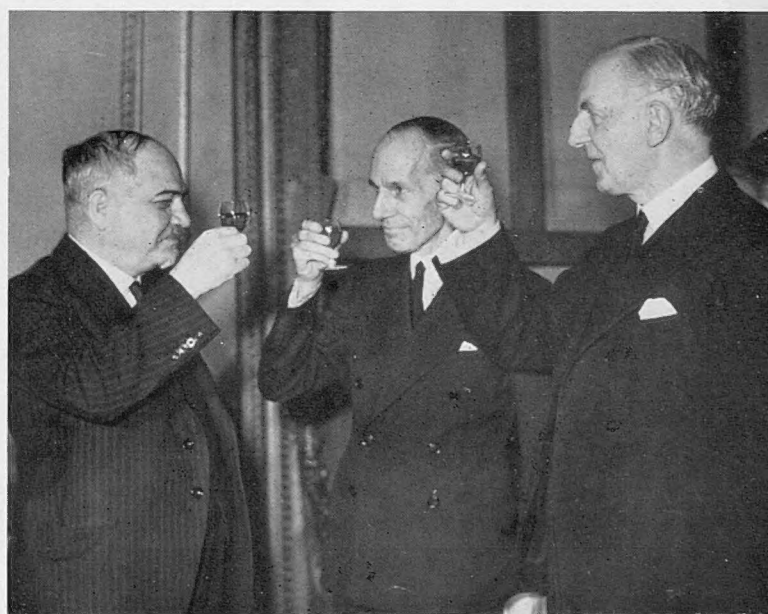
### Malta Convoy Hero

Acting Vice-Admiral E. N. Syfret, who commanded the convoy taking supplies to Malta last month, has received the K.C.B. The award is also in recognition of his services while commanding operations leading to the capture of Diego Suarez



### The British Council Entertains Swedish Journalists

Six well-known Swedish journalists arrived recently in Britain as guests of the British Council. They are to be shown all aspects of life in this country in wartime. Above, Sir Malcolm Robertson, Chairman of the British Council, is seen talking to Dr. Ivan Pauli, one of the Swedish visitors



### Canadian Wheat for Russia

After signing an agreement in London to enable Russia to obtain wheat from Canada, Mr. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, and Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, drank a toast. Shipments of wheat to Russia are already on the way

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Thug as Hero

By James Agate

IT must be some forty years since I sat on an uncomfortable bench in the school-room where the Manchester Playgoers' Club held its meetings, and heard the late C. E. Montague read his paper entitled "The Wholesome Play." Of this essay it may be said that all dramatic critics worth their salt know it by heart; conversely, those who do not know it . . . but perhaps that would be too sweeping. It was afterwards printed in a little book entitled *Dramatic Values*, a volume which I keep chained to my bookshelf since thievish friends are no respecters of books out of print and unprocurable. I have often thought it would be well worth while to set up a stand in Hyde Park on Sunday evenings and read a section a week. A pleasant fancy, and one which I should long ago have put into practice but for fear of the park authorities, who would doubtless consider Montague's sentiments on the nature of dramatic wholesomeness to be subversive in the extreme.

MONTAGUE is discussing the type of hero who, throughout the ages and from the birth of drama up to that of the authors of *Bootles' Baby* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, has been dear to the general heart. He writes:

"The type is of that of the man who is not, as we say, a bad chap after all; the man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, preferring to wear there a heart much less good than his own; the man who, morally, is a regular lion of generosity, usually crouched, it is true, but quite prepared to do terrific springs of self-devotion if the occasion for them be sufficiently fantastic . . . the man who 'has his faults,' but still—well, if he drinks he is 'nobody's enemy but his own,' and at those next-morning hours when a nature radically bad would be simply ringing for soda-water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers; he may not keep appointments, or pay his tailor, or do his work, and, of course, he is not a 'plaster saint'; but then he 'cannot bear to see a woman cry,' and at any hour of the day or night he is game to adopt a baby, or soothe death-beds, or renounce, for reasons wildly insubstantial, the satisfaction of the cravings of his honest heart."

WELL, there you have it. But not all of it. For to this must be added the question of the happy ending. Sir Arthur Pinero's first serious play was *The Profligate*. At the end of this drama a young man who had led the kind of career which as a matter of scientific fact ends in catastrophe and death, did end in this manner. But the theatre managers, knowing their public, would have none of it. Montague writes:

So Sir Arthur Pinero re-wrote the last scene, and the lot of his young debauchee was improved from a horrible death to life and happiness with a charming wife, a clean slate, and a brand new character. For this is the happy ending dearest to the sanitarian—that known cause should not have their known effects; above all, that in last acts any leopards which gain the playgoer's regard should be left rigged out in snowy, curly lambs' wool, and nice Ethiopians go off at the end as blonds with straight, tow-coloured hair.

BUT what would my old friend and mentor have said, could he have foreseen the film? You know the kind of thing I mean. Some rat of the underworld, having earned the chair some half-dozen times and escaped, comes by a change of heart after the film has been running, say, an hour and three-quarters. Shakespeare, who knew all about villains, realized that changes of heart just don't happen. Nightly at the Piccadilly Macbeth is telling us:

For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

But what is nature to the makers of films? Consider your Hollywood thug who has gained the audience's regard on the strength of a twisted smile and a note of pathos in the hoarse voice. He has become "sympathetic." Somebody else being about to take the rap for a crime of which he is guilty, the thug, who has never been able to see a woman cry, though he may give her a sock on the jaw

from time to time, now cannot bear to see an innocent man take his place in the condemned cell. Particularly if the innocent man is a total stranger to him. So he gives himself up. You can see him doing this any day in any cinema, and you have been seeing him do it any time during the last ten years. I have just come away from seeing Humphrey Bogart do it in *The Big Shot* (Gaumont).

THIS is a wildly improbable picture containing even more than the usual quota of fights and murders customary in a gangster-film. Indeed, most of the people in it die, including the *Big Shot* (Bogart), his mistress (glamorous Irene Manning), the wicked solicitor (Stanley Ridges), the convict hooper (Chick Chandler), and many others. The high spot of the film is a superb car chase, Bogart and his girl pursued by the police along a snow-covered thoroughfare longer than the Cromwell Road and even more exciting.

BUT the improbability! And the characters! Never outside a lunatic asylum did any human beings, crook or otherwise, ever act in this sub-human and wholly illogical way. I will not believe that a salesman committing perjury to provide an alibi for a gangster would forget to warn his girl, who, of course, innocently gives him away in court. I believe most things about motor-salesmen, but not this. Do I believe that a prison housing "lifers" is the scene of elaborate music-hall shows? That its yards are the setting for agreeable conversation with an atmosphere like that of an English suburban lawn-tennis club? Perhaps I do. But I flatly decline to believe that even an American jail can be quite so easy to escape from.

HUMPHREY BOGART makes it all credible. Bogart is always the same, but he always delights me. He has charm and he doesn't waste energy by pretending to act. He has a sinister-rueful countenance which acts for him. He has an exciting personality and lets it do the work. His expression never changes, whether he is looking on his mistress, the dead body of a man he has murdered, or a black-beetle. He acts even less than Leslie Howard. And I like him.



The Adventures of Four Men of the British Intelligence Service are Told in "Secret Mission"

The tragedy of Nazi-occupied countries and the courage of those who continue the fight for freedom is once more the theme of a British picture, this time directed by Harold French and produced by Marcel Hellman. Four British secret agents are landed in France in order to obtain information essential to the Allied cause. Their adventures, which lead two of them disguised as champagne travellers with a personal letter of introduction from Ribbentrop, into the very heart of Nazi G.H.Q., result in a vital victory for the Allies. Hugh Williams, James Mason, Roland Culver and Michael Wilding play the four British agents, Carla Lehmann, the sister of one of the men and the girl around whom the romantic interest of the picture revolves. Above left: Roland Culver and Hugh Williams as Red Cowan and Peter Garnett in the Nazi G.H.Q. Right: The death of Raoul de Carnot (James Mason). Mary Price as Violette is at the head of the bed, with Hugh Williams, Michael Wilding and Carla Lehmann



When Jane Baxter, New York heiress, finds herself penniless, she sets off with her chauffeur (who turns out to be Dr. Enright, a psychiatrist, in disguise) to find her grandmother who is reputed to own a gold mine in Arizona. They find the gold mine deserted (Irene Dunne and Patric Knowles)



Jane decides to work the mine. She calls in her grandmother, Cactus Kate, to help pan for gold. Enright sees that the work is doing her good and believes all she now needs is love in her life to complete the cure (Irene Dunne and Queenie Vassar as Cactus Kate)

## Irene Dunne is in Town Again

"Lady in a Jam"  
is her New Film at the  
London Pavilion

*Lady in a Jam* has been produced and directed by Gregory La Cava. It is the story of an American heiress, one Jane Baxter (Irene Dunne) who is regarded by friends and trustees as "daffy." Jane loses her fortune and accompanied by her chauffeur (really a psychiatrist in disguise who is studying her "daffiness") sets out to find her grandmother, Cactus Kate, who owns a gold mine. For the first time in her life, Jane goes to work. She falls in love with the chauffeur to the dismay of the psychiatrist. He runs away, back to the celibacy of the foundation he came from, but is chased by Jane who gets her man



Enright sends for Stanley, a cowboy, with whom, as a small girl, Jane was in love. Jane, however, has by this time discovered she is in love with Enright (Ralph Bellamy, Irene Dunne and Patric Knowles)



Jane schemes to arouse love in the unwilling Enright. With Cactus Kate's help she "salts" the mine in order to start a gold rush. Cactus Kate stands on guard (Queenie Vassar)

With the start of the gold rush, Jane finds herself the centre of the newsboys' interest. Stanley revels in the excitement, but, to Jane's dismay, Enright flees



Jane follows Enright to New York. Unwilling to waste more time, she takes him in her arms and announces that they are going to be married (Patric Knowles, Irene Dunne)



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Men in Shadow (Vaudeville)

HERE is yet another highly topical play, fraught with excitement and redolent of war. Though its heroes are English airmen on active service, it is not another *Flare Path*, but more severely romantic. It might not inaptly have been entitled *Scare Path*, for its excitement is of that "devil-in-the-dark" order of which children are such connoisseurs. Not that its thrills are childish; far from it. These "men in shadow" are heroic secret agents, sequestered from the battle proper, to whom the facing of fearful odds has become a routine commonplace. Their story, as dramatised by Miss Mary Hayley Bell, is one of battle, murder, and sudden death. The battle is a secret one, the murder salutary; and sudden death clinches as cleverly staged an all-in duel as ever was fought with none but nature's weapons. The only female character is a middle-aged French peasant. The scene is a derelict mill somewhere on the coast of France; time, the apocryphal present. It is an unusual play for a young woman to have written.

To summarise the story might unfairly expose its modesty as literature at the expense of its virtues as drama, which lie in the characterisation, and in the detail which sustains the interest and feeds the cumulative tension. While the action at times is very moving and provokes concern, the general effect of the play is not depressing.

THE upper story of the mill—a fine example of the scene-maker's craft—is not merely a hide-out for the airmen, but the battle headquarters of an army of native saboteurs whose operations cover a wide field. The young English ace, whose flying days are over, is their local leader. He has been out of the air for two years, his last crash having left him a legacy of disabling headaches and blackouts. But instead of escaping to England, which would have been possible, he remains to organise the secret forces which are fighting and preparing for the eventual freedom of France. Two of the bravest and most resourceful of these recruits are the farmer-owner of the mill and his wife, who are as devoted to the cause as to the secret tenants of the mill. And what tenants they are!



Two of the British airmen, members of the saboteur gang, discuss domestic difficulties (Robert Wilton, Hubert Gregg)

Lew, Kenny, and Polly, as the three originals are known—the preservation of their anonymity is vital—who baled out of the major conflict in earlier days, would have been at home in many epics of the past from the *Iliad* onwards. They have less in common perhaps with the heroes of Troy than with those of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, for their valour of spirit is timeless, and they combine a youthful zest for adventure with the hard resourcefulness of veterans.

Seasoned warriors, slangy of speech, and selfless in service, they are dedicated to desperate duty and each other. The authority of Lew, their leader, is unquestioned, and their mutual loyalty is unsentimental but profound. They have that simple but ironic outlook on calamity which, without being crudely fatalistic, is the prerogative of heroes both in actual and hypothetical adversity. Low living and high but practical thinking are their lot. They face the rigours of sequestration without complaint, while apostrophising them in heart-

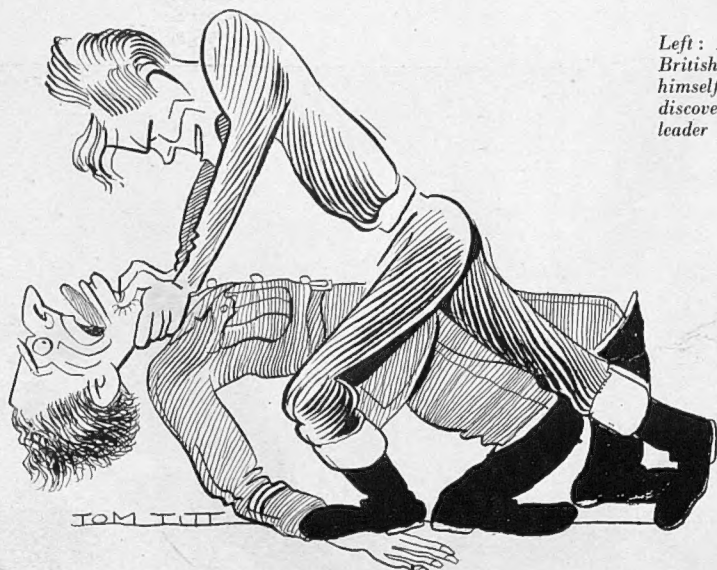


A Commando soldier makes a brief appearance before setting off on his last courageous adventure (John Rae)

felt but humorous terms. Kenny, a Londoner, has the advantage here of a picturesque imagination and a beautifully derisive idiom, gifts which Mr. Robert Wilton uses with delightful skill.

THE fates seem to have decided that they have suffered enough, and the dramatist does not strain our fortitude beyond endurance. We are encouraged to thrill with apprehension when Germans arrive, and to detest their manners and customs; to share Lew's deep but disciplined regard for the farmer's wife who sets fractured limbs and supplies simple meals with the same unruffled efficiency (Miss Alice Gachet plays her perfectly); to delight in the farmer's idiosyncratic virtues, which Mr. Paul Bonifas so admirably controls; and to suspect, with Lew, the true nature of that jaunty young airman whose papers are as dubious as his assumed identity. The culmination of a breathlessly sustained denouement releases our tense concern with what, in the circumstances, is a happy ending.

The acting throughout is admirable. Mr. John Mills, who shared with Mr. Bernard Miles in the production, plays Lew with unfaltering skill and conviction. His performance is memorable for its nervous intensity and command of character; and those who enjoy the romanticised realism of war will find this play stimulating entertainment, both in itself and in its excellent interpretation.



Left: A German spy, disguised as a British airman, attempts to establish himself as a member of the gang. When discovered, he is killed by Lew, the leader (Derek Elphinstone, John Mills)

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt



Right: The gang rescue a British airman whose legs are broken. Moy, an ardent patriot of France and member of the gang, tries to cheer him up (Ralph Michael, Paul Bonifas of the Comedie Francaise)

## "Magic"

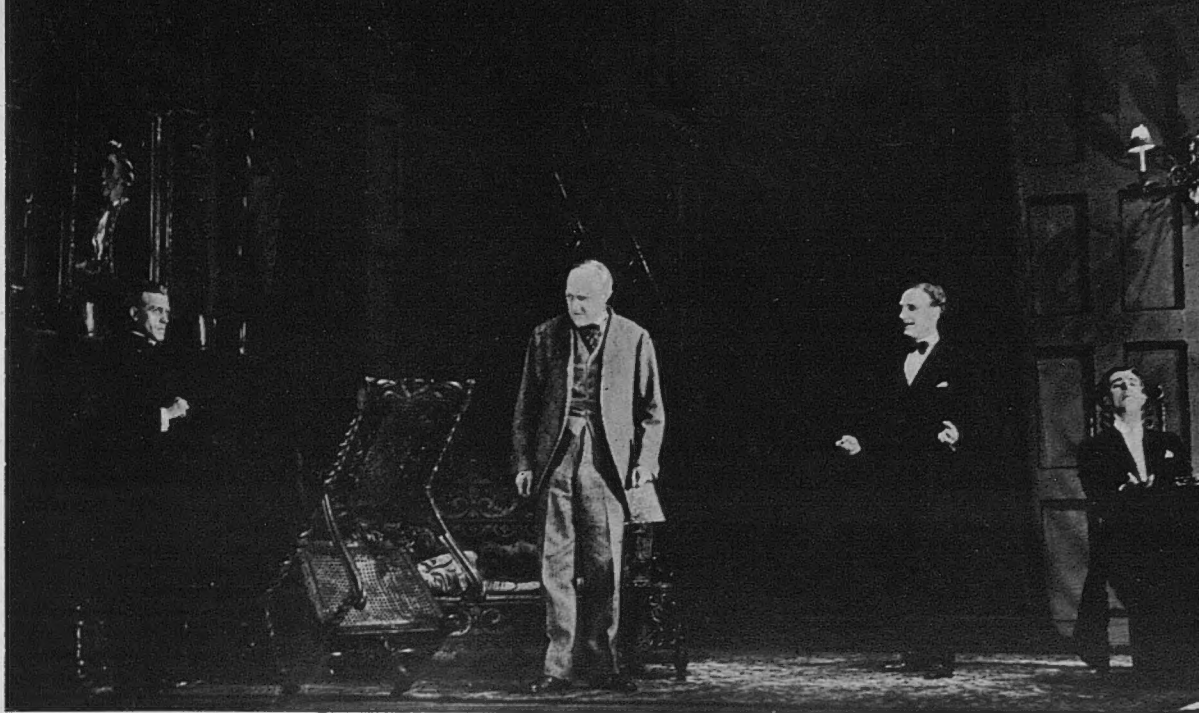
The Arts Theatre  
Club Present G. K.  
Chesterton's Only  
Play Prior to Its  
Production on  
Broadway

G. K. Chesterton himself described his one and only play as a "fantastic comedy." It was first presented at the Little Theatre in 1913, and revived at the Everyman in 1925. After its present production by Alec Clunes and John Hanau, it will be presented on Broadway by Eddie Dowling. Patricia Carleon, ward of the Duke (played by Penelope Dudley-Ward), is a believer in fairies. Her brother Morris (Julian Randall) a disbeliever. Their meeting with the wizard (Alec Clunes), which has such momentous results on the lives of all concerned, is the corner-stone of the play

Photographs by John Vickers

*Morris:* "You . . . why . . . that . . . every one knows that . . . it can be done with a sliding plank"

*Morris is Patricia's brother. He is a nervous, highly-strung type. He accuses the conjurer of being a fraud, until finally the conjurer produces such wizardry that the over-excited brain of the boy snaps (Walter Hudd, Graveley Edwards, Julian Randall, Alec Clunes)*



*Conjurer:* "You would really be willing to pay a sum like this to know the way I did that trick?"

*The Duke, guardian of Patricia and her brother Morris, offers the conjurer a considerable sum for his secret. It is thought that only a rational explanation of his wizardry will ease the demented sufferings of the delirious Morris (Graveley Edwards, Stanford Holme, Alec Clunes, Walter Hudd)*



*Conjurer:* "I don't think you have any notion what it is like for a man like me to talk to a lady like you"

*The conjurer is forced to confess to Patricia that his powers of magic are limited. He has allowed her to believe him a wizard solely because of his love for her (Penelope Dudley-Ward, Alec Clunes)*

*(Right) Patricia:* "When we are married I shall cook you a conjurer's dinner"

*In spite of the conjurer's confession, Patricia retains her belief in his power. She, too, is in love, and with the fall of the curtain the young lovers are seen leaving the ducal mansion to get married (Penelope Dudley-Ward, Alec Clunes)*



# On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



## Ovens for Air Raids

The Countess of Feversham (centre), county organiser of the W.V.S., inspected outdoor cooking ovens at Scarborough, for the use of civilians in blitzed areas. With her are Major R. E. Whiston and Miss Thompson-Pegge, leader of the Scarborough W.V.S.



## Inspecting the G.T.C.

Mrs. Winant, wife of the American Ambassador, recently inspected the Hounslow company of the Girls' Training Corps, and attended their sports rally. Above are Commandant Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Winant, and Mrs. Hamilton, followed by the Mayor and Mayoress of Hounslow



## Racing in Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Captain Lord Carew, on a few days' leave, went with his wife to Leopardstown races. She is the Earl of Lauderdale's only daughter. Lord Carew owns Castletown House, Co. Kildare, the largest private house in Eire

## World Sympathy

THE Duchess of Kent has left The Coppins to spend some time alone with her children at the home of a friend in the country. So far, she has made no plans at all for the future, but it will certainly be several months before she is seen about again in town.

Messages of sympathy continue to pour in at such a rate from all over the world that the Duchess has had to engage special staff to deal with them. Lord Herbert, the Duke's Equerry and close personal friend, has been given indefinite leave from his job as a captain on the General Staff of Southern Command H.Q. to clear up the Duke's affairs, and take over, temporarily, the duties of his other friend, John Lowther, the Duke's secretary, who also died in the crash. Lady Herbert, who was Lady Mary Hope before her marriage, has been with the Duchess ever since the tragic news reached The Coppins, and has scarcely left her side. Sister of the Marquess of Linlithgow, Lady Herbert has been Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. ever since the Kents first set up their household.

## Jugoslav Occasion

THE nineteenth birthday celebration of King Peter of Yugoslavia was a quiet affair, on account of Court mourning. However, this did not prevent the Yugoslavs in London from meeting to honour the anniversary. Nor did the vigilant eyes of Nazi oppressors prevent Yugoslavs at home from sending greetings to their Sovereign. Tall, and quiet in manner, the young King has gained many friends in this country by his unassuming charm. He has strength of character and a keen intelligence, and at Clare College, Cambridge, where he is studying, he is a popular student with both instructors and fellow undergraduates.

## The New Duke of Connaught

BACK in London for a short time is the young Duke of Connaught, who was lying ill in a military hospital in Cairo when news of his grandfather's death and his own succession was received. Now completely recovered, the Duke, who is fair-haired and good-looking, has been seen about a good deal recently in St. James's, where he has many friends. At the age of twenty-eight, and heir, through his mother, to the Dukedom of Fife, he is one of the most eligible bachelors in the peerage. Educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, the Duke entered his father's regiment, the Scots Greys, determined to make a military career for himself, and those who have served with him, both before and during this war, predict a great future for him.

## Potted Profile

VIOLET CRESSY-MARCKS (Mrs. Fisher) has fitted more into her life than most women, or men: an amazing record of travel, adventure, study and achievement. She is at the moment in her lovely Princes Gate house, having lately returned from the East via America. Under General Legentilhomme, she was the only woman driving an ambulance from the Syrian battlefield to the base hospital; her experiences were harrowing and appalling. She also has direct battlefield experience of the Chinese war—a chapter on it from her book, *Journey Into China*, is being published in the American Press as one of the most vivid first-hand accounts of modern war ever written. This book is packed not only with her own experiences, but also with the results of her extensive studies of Chinese history, politics, religion, etc., and is illustrated with photographs taken by her.

Nothing ever seems to defeat her. When, in 1929, she could not get a visa to go to Russia,

she bought a team of reindeer in Lapland, and drove them across Asia for three months, until she reached her objective. Her house is full of treasures—things brought from Tibet, from Russia, China, Spain, Africa—all parts of the earth. A stone tablet from an Egyptian tomb was jointly excavated by herself and her great friend, Gertrude Bell. T. E. Lawrence, Kemal Ataturk, many of the most interesting people, are, or have been, her friends. Her exploring has all been done alone, except for native porters; she has studied so that she can always be sure of her exact position on the earth's surface.

Her son by her first marriage, Bill Cressy-Marcks, is training to be a fighter pilot; Ocean and Forest Fisher, the two beautiful children of her second marriage, are in the States.

## An Interesting Personality

LECTURING to the troops is the war work undertaken by Mrs. Arthur McGrath, perhaps better known as Rosita Forbes, the noted traveller, explorer and author. She is away from her London flat all the week, travelling about the country under War Office auspices, talking to troops about the countries where war is now raging, and which she knows so well. Mrs. McGrath has travelled extensively in most known countries, and holds two war medals for ambulance driving for the Société de Secours aux blessés militaires. She has met Stalin, and from personal contact can tell our soldiers about this great statesman. She has also met Hitler, Mussolini and Rommel. Her lectures are always well attended, and the men are thrilled to hear from her of her own experiences in countries where they may well find themselves in days to come.

The other day, Mrs. McGrath undertook a new role—she was godmother to Iain Forbes, the young son of Major William Forbes, nephew of her first husband, Colonel Ronald Forbes, and grandson of the late Colonel Foster Forbes, of Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire. The ceremony



## Miss Virginia Gilliat

Harlip

Miss Virginia Gilliat announced her engagement in August to Sir Richard Sykes, Bt., The Green Howards, of Sledmere, Yorkshire. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat, of 3, Stanhope Place, W.

took place in the romantic setting of Edinburgh Castle. Unfortunately, Mrs. McGrath was prevented from being present. Her car broke down, and she arrived when it was all over!

#### Reception

THERE was no special guest of honour at this month's reception to Allied officers by the Overseas League Welcome Committee, but the usual crowd of interesting people milled about. The Archduke Robert of Austria talked earnestly; Sir Harry Brittain was in his usual exhilarating form, knowing everyone; Lady Willingdon, chairman of the Overseas League, was there; Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the Welcome Committee, and Lady Lucas, were receiving guests as usual, having just returned from a short shooting visit to Scotland; among young M.P.s were Mr. John Profumo and Mr. Ralph Etherton; Princess Wolkonsky laughed and talked with American compatriots, a charming one of whom now in London is Major Steffans; Lady Monkswell was, as usual, the centre of a gay group; Lady Moore-Guggisberg (Decima Moore), as stimulating a conversationist as ever; Miss Bettine McIntyre, looking specially attractive; and Captain Cunningham-Reid, smiling his way from corner to corner of the large Hall of India, in which these parties are held; Mr. Tony Grishotti was among the younger men there.

It is sad news for clubmen that the ceiling of Arthur's Club, the post-bombing home of the Carlton Club, is showing signs of collapse—presumably a delayed result of the bombing.

#### About

A NEWLY-MARRIED couple out and about were Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Macmillan—she was Miss Katherine Ormsby-Gore until a few weeks ago, and he is Lady Dorothy Macmillan's son. Lady Carolyn Howard was in London again, after being away for some time, with Mr. Finlayson, who carries a walking-stick, Sir John Philipps, who occasionally gets away from farming in Wales, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy—she had her hair done in a fascinating, rolled fringe which looked almost like a hat. Miss Tania and Mr. Peter Price were out dancing with a party that same evening.

A heartening sight in Bond Street was Miss Belinda Blew Jones, speeding along on a small motor-bicycle. Her cousin, Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward (Mrs. Pelissier), is now playing the only woman's part in G. K. Chesterton's



Prince Michael of Kent

Cecil Beaton



The Late Duke of Kent With the Duchess and Prince Michael

Cecil Beaton

These pictures of Prince Michael and his parents were taken only ten days before the tragic death of the Duke of Kent on August 25th, in a flying accident, while on his way to Iceland to fulfil his duties as Air Commodore. The little Prince is now over two months old. He was born on July 4th, American Independence Day, and has President Roosevelt as one of his godfathers



Miss Judy Woodward

Vandyk

Miss Mary (Judy) Woodward, F.A.N.Y., daughter of Sir Stanley and Lady Woodward, of London and Furnace Mill, Cowden, Kent, is to be married to Lieut. Trevor Letts, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. C. H. Letts, and Mrs. Letts

Magic, at the Arts Theatre Club (see p. 359); Miss Diana Wynyard was about, and a smart, sophisticated-looking walker out was Mrs. Charles FitzRoy, wife of Lord Southampton's heir.

Hampton Court, within reach by Green Line until the buses are stopped, and still fairly get-at-able, musters a crowd at week-ends to enjoy the lovely gardens, once the private loitering ground of royalty. A week-day luncheon at the famous Mitre, opposite its gates, was Major John Montagu, authority on food, the turf and bridge. He is the only living honorary life member of the Portland Club.

#### Weddings

CAPTAIN RICHARD DUCKWORTH, Royal Artillery, only son of Sir Edward and Lady Duckworth, married Miss V. A. Wauhope at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. B. Wauhope, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wauhope. Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Rosamund Noon and Miss Helen Henderson were bridesmaids, and Mr. Robert Burrowes best man.

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Group Captain "Gus" Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., married Mrs. D. B. Willcox, widow of Sq. Ldr.

(Concluded on page 376)



*The curtain rises on a hamlet in Courland at vintage time. Giselle, a peasant maiden, dances with her lover, the Count Albrecht, who is known to her as Loys, a villager*

## “Giselle”

A Century-old Classical-romantic  
Ballet is Revived by the  
International Ballet Company



*Loys is passionate in his wooing of the young peasant girl, who, unaware of his true identity, falls deeply in love with her handsome lover (Mona Inglesby, Harold Turner)*





*Hilarion unmasks the feigned Loys and Giselle realises she has given her love to one who can never be hers. Her heart broken, the reason of the young girl falters, and, in agony, she pierces herself with the sword of Albrecht (Mona Inglesby)*

The International Ballet Company gave their first performance of *Giselle* at His Majesty's Theatre last week. Reproduced by Nicholai Sergueeff after the choreography of Coralli, with music by Adolfe Adam and decor and costumes by Doris Zinkeisen, it is a colourful production. Orchestration is by Frederic Austin. The scenario of *Giselle* was written by Theophile Gautier on a theme of Heinrich Heine. The rôle of Giselle, which is danced by Mona Inglesby, is an exacting and dramatic one, calling for histrionic as well as dancing ability. Her lover, Count Albrecht, is danced by Harold Turner, and Berthe, her mother, by Madame Evina



*According to Slavonic tradition, Giselle rises from her grave in the forest as one of the Wilis, spirits of betrothed girls who die before their marriage. When Albrecht, in deep sorrow and remorse, visits her grave, he is commanded by the Queen of the Wilis to dance till he drops dead from exhaustion (Mona Inglesby, Harold Turner)*

*Left: Giselle's would-be lover, Hilarion, a huntsman, challenges Loys to a duel. Wilfrid, the Duke's Squire, who alone knows the true identity of Loys, seeks to dissuade his master from fighting (Harold Turner, Mark Baring)*

*Right: Giselle pleads for the life of her lover, but in vain. Dawn breaks and the Wilis vanish. Once more Giselle enters her grave. All that remains is a mound of white flowers*

*Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**S**WEENEY TODD, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, hero of that juicy Victorian stage-thriller which Mr. Tod Slaughter is reviving for a centenary celebration, is one of those news-items which express, so to speak, the very soul of the Street of Adventure.

Mr. Todd, who cut selected customers' throats with a razor and a devilish chuckle and shot them through a trapdoor to be made into pork-pies on the floor below, is a perfect front-page splash-headline character, and like so many front-page splash-headline characters, fundamentally almost true. The fact about Mr. Todd is probably that there was once a barber in Fleet Street (there still are two or three). One day, maybe, Mr. Todd's razor slipped, and his customer said jokingly, "Trying to cut my throat, eh?" and Mr. Todd said jokingly, "That's right—make a pork-pie of you." The rest of the Todd news-story burgeoned naturally from this, like a rose.

## Footnote

**D**R. JOHNSON's alleged passion for the Cheshire Cheese is somewhat similar. The Doctor may have gone into that pleasant pub, but Boswell never mentions it among the other Johnsonian haunts, nor does any other biographer; the story rests on a Fleet Street tradesman's gossip, many

years later. Tennyson's Cock Tavern, again, was on the other side of Fleet Street. The point is that there is *always* a tiny bud of truth nestling at the heart of every fragrant, fullblown news-story, and we owe it to our bustling comrades and soulmates (whom we dearly love) to put you wise to this, you sceptical snakes.

## Flop

**M**INISTRY OF FOOD agents-provocateurs, who do not exist, we observe from heated official denials, but whose methods are nevertheless interesting to observe, seem excessively dumb. "You look to me like an inspector," said a contemptuous restaurant proprietor to one of them recently. Those boys should mix with the booky underworld and watch the publishers' narks at their deadly trade, or study the technique of those exquisite police-women who used to haunt the Soho night-clubs in shimmering gowns by Chanel.

Luring citizens on to land themselves in the cooler is a science, and if the Ministry had sent out a ravishing blonde—say K.19, or Babs the Bombshell—to sit on that restaurant proprietor's lap, he'd have been



"There, that's what they looked like!"

maybe doing a stretch at this moment. For Love is lord of all, and a sad little nark in a bowler hat wailing that he is dying of starvation and must have extra food at once cuts no ice whatever. Any self-respecting West End restaurateur would run him out into the alley straight away, for fear he should pass away on the premises.

## Example

**W**HAT we need, as a chap remarked in the papers recently, is more of the grand old Elizabethan Spirit. At that period Cecil's Gestapo specialised in entering into the home-life of the citizenry and would take months and use fifty disguises to nab their victim. Moreover their chief, Topcliffe, had a private rack at home for his own amusement. Thoroughness is the thing, as we never tire of reminding the Government, with a hey nonny nonny.

## Rite

**O**N the presumption that *Times* readers are both honourable and clean, Auntie *Times* devoted a mellow leading article to the bath, a British institution (she thinks), and its relation to fuel restrictions.

These will chiefly affect Auntie's own leader-writers, our Printing-House Square spies report. On the eve of being summoned to the Emperor's presence their habit is to open a vein in a deep warm bath. Then, after assembling their friends, they affect a Stoic resolution, now playing an air on the flute, now discussing the Lucretian philosophy, now composing verse, now summoning their slaves for punishment or reward, now toying lightly with a cold collation, now dictating to a secretary a prose-piece flattering their dread ruler; all the while bleeding with leisurely dignity to death, or else emitting from their veins a kind of greyish sawdust.

With only five inches of warm water to do this in their torsos would be exhibited to the raillery or commiseration of the beholders, which would, perhaps, expose them to the tart lampoon, the stinging jest. This rite will therefore have to be abandoned. Perhaps, our spies add, the *New Statesman* method of having yourself beaten over the head by a sadistic female Left Wing don with a soekful of wet dough till death ensues will take its place.

(Concluded on page 366)



"Provided I can get enough money to keep it going, I believe I've discovered Perpetual Motion"

Photographs by  
Fred Daniels



*Lt.-Cmdr. Ralph Richardson as the Dutch Submarine Designer*



*Googie Withers as His Wife*

## “The Silver Fleet”

The Film Roosevelt Suggested to  
Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands

President Roosevelt, himself of Dutch ancestry, has always shown the greatest interest in any information available of occupied Holland. On a recent visit to America, Prince Bernhard spent some time with the President, telling him the latest stories received by the Dutch Government from refugee and other sources. Amongst these was the story of a Dutch submarine designer whose shipbuilding yards were seized by the Army of Occupation. This man, rather than allow his latest invention to get into enemy hands, pretended to be a supporter of the Axis Powers. He sacrificed the love and trust of his wife, who was forced to believe him a quisling, and finally his own life in a desperate attempt to get his completed submarine across the Channel to Britain. On hearing the story, the President exclaimed: “That’s a fine idea for a movie.” With the full co-operation of the Admiralty and the Royal Netherlands Government, the film is now being made at Denham, under the direction of Vernon Sewell and Gordon Wellesley. Lieut.-Commander Ralph Richardson, R.N.V.R., has been lent by the Admiralty to portray the Dutch submarine designer. As his wife, Googie Withers has her most important “straight” role to date. Also in the film is Esmond Knight, the young actor blinded aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales in the victorious Bismarck action, playing his first film part since his blindness

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Glimpse

FAINTLY Beerbohmesque, that vision of the Poetry Society boys and girls sitting round in Portman Square next month listening to gramophone records made by Alfred Lord Tennyson reciting his own verse seems to us, for some reason.

What would be more worth hearing, in our degraded view, would be a full recording, with sound effects, of the interview between Tennyson and that American fan who crossed the Atlantic to recite *Maud* to him. Victoria's Laureate could notoriously use Tank Corps language when beset by people who startled, upset, annoyed or bored him. That famous growl to the poor little deb at the dinner-party, "Your stays creak!" was nothing to what that lofty-minded big boy could do when all-out, as an unfortunate clergyman blasted nearly to death once discovered. A newsreel of what happened when the American fan started on Tennyson would be worth charging West End prices for.

Viewing the big boys in their off-moments is a perpetual fascination, apart from conveying the moral lesson that they are only human. You can have all the impressive public performances of Napoleon, Disraeli, and Gladstone. What we'd like to hear is what Gladstone said in 1887 when he stepped on a tintack in his nightie.

## Whimsy

RUSSIA's new secret field-gun is nicknamed "Little Catherine," which is the name the French Calvinist gunners gave their biggest cannon in the French civil



Time marches on!

wars of the Renaissance as a backhanded compliment to Catherine de Médi. The joke in this case is rather crude and delicacy forbids our underlining it. The Queen-Mother herself roared with laughter, for she had a strong resemblance to Queen Victoria except in her sense of humour.

Exactly how old this trick of giving things fancy names may be we don't know, but obviously gunners (a serious-minded but whimsy lot) were revelling in it long before the Bouverie Street boys started roughly calling loofahs "Archie" and marmalade-jars "George." Kipling had this distressing habit also, naming his earliest car "Jane Cakebread Lanchester" and his favourite fountain-pen "Jael." We don't know how it affects you. It makes us vaguely uneasy and our ankles itch. Gunners probably do it to try and fascinate women; an uphill task, successful only with very young and spotty women, as the Edwardian folksong recalls: A Gunnah or Sappah May dazzle a flappah, But Women—a Lanceah, eh, what?

In those far off days, an old boulevardier tells us, it was considered the depths of degradation to have to cite a gunner co-respondent, and most decent chaps would almost rather be detected wearing a soft hat in Piccadilly before Ascot Week was over. Times change, egad, or do they?

## Slip

AGRICULTURE, as the Fleet Street boys see it, is often diverting—you probably remember that marvellous outcry last year over "green" stooks left standing in the fields by lazy farmers—and we're keeping a dancing eye on the current harvest news.

The lyrical angle is always done pretty well, we admit; it's on the practical side the boys fall down now and then.

However the only glissade we've come across so far is a gossip's assumption that field-watchers on the look-out for German incendiaries can snatch forty winks in a haystack. Every hayseed knows that the interior of a green stack not only generates fierce heat but gives off a suffocating and lethal gas, and indeed many a hayseed has pushed his pie-faced, discarded love, or his aged and noxious parents, into a stack for that purpose and clumped happily home. In the cities this would excite the police to some extent. Down our way, if it did, we'd have the police beaten up by the Potts boys, just to beazle 'em.

The *Daily Express* recently remarked, incidentally, that Home Guards in rural areas will be able to pass on to the American troops in our midst "much useful knowledge of people and countryside." *Tu parles, coco!*

## Snook

AN Austrian Archduke of great charm just dead used to say that whenever he had to make the Nazi salute he had the famous retort of Schiller's Goetz von Berlinchingen pencilled on the palm of his hand. This retort, a knowledgeable chap informs us, is a single word, extremely rude. General Cambonne used it at Waterloo.

You still find pedants quoting Cambonne's last words at Waterloo as: "The Guard dies, but does not surrender!" instead of the single, vulgar five-letter word, a favourite with Paris taxicabmen, that warrior actually used. Naturally the truth spoils the effect of Victor Hugo's splendid lines: Tranquille, souriant à la mitraille anglaise, La Garde impériale entra dans la fournaise. . . —because the Guard, we guess, were grinning all over their whiskered powderblackened pans at something quite different. But the rhetoric boys must always have everything solemn and theatrical.

## Restraint

WE'VE often desisted reluctantly from compiling an anthology of Great Last Words Never Spoken, including specimens by Cambonne, Rabelais ("The farce is over"), Galileo ("Yet it moves"), Pitt ("My country!"), and a dozen more. Most of these cracks are invented after the big boys' death by rednosed literary gentlemen at a penny a line, and who are we to spoil the market?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"... a famous German General in six letters, Freddie, startin' 'ROM' and ending in 'L'?—can't think of anyone except Hindenburg"



*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## Minister of Labour: The Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, M.P.

Mr. Ernest Bevin became Minister of Labour and National Service when Mr. Churchill reorganised the Government in June 1940, and represents Central Wandsworth in the House of Commons. Born in Somerset in 1881, Ernest Bevin started work on a farm, and for a time drove a van for a restaurant in Bristol. Interested from an early age in workers' problems, he soon became known as the Dockers' K.C., when he led the case for the "Dockers' Tanner" (6d. an hour). His biggest job was, perhaps, the co-ordination of all the transport unions into one, now the Transport and General Workers' Union, of which he became General Secretary in 1922. In 1937 he was elected Chairman of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and presided at the Congress held that year at Norwich. A big man with a forceful personality, Ernest Bevin, since becoming a Minister, has devoted "every ounce of energy"—his own words—to the better organisation of man- and woman-power in the country. A collection of his speeches, entitled "The Job to be Done," was published in the U.S.A. in 1941, and, more recently, in this country

## Petrol Re

By Lionel Edward



(1) With cars laid up and no more petrol, A and B decide to purchase jointly a pony and trap. "Any old trap will do," A says, "and we'll get the wheelwright to do any necessary repairs."



(2) As most of their neighbours, it proves far from a wise decision. However, having heard of one's misfortune, the wheelwright; his comments are rib



(4) The next appears to have too high horse-power for the ancient chassis



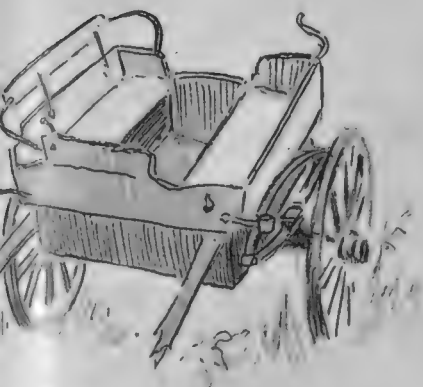
(7) And horse-driving becomes less dull!



(8) Having overturned the trap and broken a shaft, a coolness is begotten, and the driving tour is abandoned.

# strictions

is, R.I., R.C.A.



ours seem to have come to a similar  
easy to find an old pony trap.  
they wisely enlist the help of the wheel-  
d, and neither encouraging nor printable



(5) But the last, although not at  
all the sort of small family con-  
veyance they originally had in  
mind, is a smart turn-out, and  
as, according to its owner, the  
cob is absolutely foolproof, they  
decide on it then and there



(3) Next, they search the advertisement columns of the  
local rag for a pony, trap and harness (turn-out com-  
plete). The first they view seems a trifle under-horsed!



(6) They gaily set off on a little driving tour,  
with ample luggage and food and drinks, B  
sitting behind to look after the same. B, who  
is a Home Guard, gets bored, and decides  
to practise aiming his revolver at moving  
targets. Unfortunately, his revolver goes off!



(9) The partnership is determined, but, because  
the contretemps was entirely B's fault, A  
keeps the turn-out, and B has the mortification  
of being passed by A every morning en  
route to catch their morning train to the city

# A Famous British Composer

At Home With His Wife



*Mr. and Mrs. Eric Coates*



*Eric Coates at Work*



*At the Door of His 18th-Century Hampstead Home*

These pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Coates were taken by Mr. K. W. Gullers, the well-known international photographer, who recently returned to Stockholm, taking them with him for exhibition in Sweden, where Eric Coates's music is very popular. The first English composer to treat modern syncopation seriously, Eric Coates won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music in 1906, and while still a student composed his "Four English Songs," made famous by the late Dame Nellie Melba and Gervase Elwes. For a time he was principal viola in the Queen's Hall Orchestra, but since 1919 he has devoted all his time to composition. Amongst his very many successes are the "London Suite," including the famous "Knightsbridge March," "Calling All Workers" (the signature tune for the B.B.C. "While You Work" programme); and, more recently, "Sleepy Lagoon." Mrs. Coates has often collaborated with her husband, under her maiden name, Phyllis Black, writing the words for his songs, and giving him the inspiration for several of his orchestral works. The Coates' have a son, Austin, now in the R.A.F.



Harlip

**Lady Hersey Waldegrave**  
Formerly Lady Hersey Margaret Boyle, the second daughter of the Earl of Glasgow married in 1940 Commander the Hon. John Waldegrave, D.S.C., R.N., Lord Radstock's only son. Lady Hersey is now a member of the M.T.C. She has one daughter, born last year. Her only brother, Viscount Kelburn, is, like her husband, in the Royal Navy, and was present at the sinking of the Bismarck.



Harlip

**The Marchioness of Kildare**  
Lady Kildare was, before her marriage in 1936, Miss Joane Kavanagh, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. McMorrough Kavanagh, of Borris House, Co. Carlow. The Marquess of Kildare, who is the only son of the Duke of Leinster, Ireland's Premier Duke, is a major in the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. He and his wife have a daughter of three. Lady Kildare is a part-time V.A.D. worker.

## Four Portraits



Yvonne Gregory

**The Countess of Darnley**

(Left) In 1940 the Earl of Darnley married, as his third wife, Miss Rosemary Potter, daughter of the late Mr. Basil Potter, and their son, Adam Ivo, was born in 1941. Lord Clifton, Lord Darnley's son by his first marriage, is a prisoner of war. Artist, playwright and horticulturist, Lord Darnley runs three nursery gardens and two flower-shops. His wife finds looking after her son and the gardens a full-time job.



Swache

**The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell**

(Right) The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell is a daughter of Sir James Connolly, a former Minister and member of the Cabinet of Western Australia. She married Lord Bethell's elder son in 1927, and they have three children: Guy, now at Eton; Jennifer and Patricia. The Hon. John Bethell is a Flight Lieutenant in the Auxiliary Air Force.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Why Not an M.O.M.I.?

SINCE the organisation with only one "M" in its initials appears to have made some people very cross, why not a converse, a Ministry of Misinformation? An organisation very similar to this, but under another guise, was employed with most devastating effects during the last war. When Von Spee got orders to come round from Valparaiso and capture the Falkland Islands, they did not come from the German Admiralty, as he imagined, but from Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, Chief of our Naval Intelligence. It would seem, therefore, that if we had an M.O.M.I. capable of putting out the baldest narrative in a cloak of utility suiting looking good enough to deceive even Sir Patrick Hastings, let us venture, it would be doing work that would please even the most hostile critics. The only qualifications needed for employment in this suggested Department would be a capacity to lie like truth, or in other words, to have a nice light touch in fiction.

## The Down-trodden Turf

IT is, I think, high time that a good word was put in for the much-maligned creature called by some unjust persons "the racing swine," because, in actual fact, he is not one, but just the same kind of person as you and I. The fictionist is, in the main, responsible for presenting the faulty picture of something almost sub-human, fond of strong waters, loud checks, vulgar ties and of raucous voice. The racing man is also made out to be as crooked as a dog's hind leg! It is all *most* libellous! There are exceptions, of course, but the novelist's and dramatist's picture is no more true than is the one of the person they call "The Huntsman," who is held up to us as a man who arrives at the tryst at least three sheets in the wind, due to things they call "Stirrups," and returns late in the afternoon still much more "the wuss" from the frequent binders

he has had out of his hunting monkey, or flask, plus the lashings of fire-water which he has imbibed at the various pubs so handily dotted along the line of battle, and which, of course, he has not failed to visit in even the hottest moments of the chase.

## Bad Art

BOTH these pictures are just stupid, and therefore bad art. As a matter of fact, you may find the racing person as quietly turned-out as a curate off duty, in some raiment of sub-fusk hue; he may have a dim, religious voice; he is quite frequently stone deaf, always so, in fact, when confronted by the unduly inquisitive, and he may know quite as much about Plato and Aristotle as the most erudite member of the Brains Trust; but he may not refer to those authors quite so often, and quite frequently he shies off that second glass of port. That is a far truer picture. Then "The Huntsman." It is never necessary to preface any remarks you may have to make to him by a neigh, or such ejaculations as "Yoicks!"; "Tally-ho!" or even "Tantivy!", which last, by the way, is an expression that has never been known in the fox-hunting world. This person, again, never walks down the street duck-toed, with a view to suggesting that he has acquired the habit from wearing a pair of long and sharp spurs, and is afraid of cutting his socks. He hates chewing straws, but may be fond of a toothpick as an aid to keeping his mouth shut and not speaking out of his turn. He is never so ill-mannered as to say of a lady that she is "plain about the head," or that she is "well let-down," meaning by this latter expression that she is all right in the leg way. In fact, unless you've been told beforehand, I feel sure that you would never know that you were talking to either the racing swine or the rip-roaring "huntsman" of the best-seller. Finally, I think that you would find it most

difficult to make either of them talk "horse," or to act like one. The real ones have both been terribly defamed. The fictional ones are terribly funny, and equally terribly untrue.

## Sarojini

THE surname of one of the ladies who has gone into captivity with The Mahatma is Naidu, and she is a poetess of no mean talent. Sarojini Naidu is a disciple of the erotic cult and of equal if not superior quality to Laurence Hope, authoress of, amongst other things, that poem which spoke about the pale hands someone loved beside The Shalimar, a charming garden close to that romantic Dhāl lake in Kashmir, where, incidentally, even the paddles of the boats on the Jhelum River are heart-shaped. Sarojini, who was, if my memory serves, far nicer-looking than Laurence Hope, was once upon a time the unwitting cause of a very handsome and susceptible Honourable Mister getting into a pretty pickle with his fiendishly jealous Honourable Missis, who, incidentally, was his senior by about a decade and about as attractive as a porcupine. It was entirely his own fault for copying out one of Sarojini's most emotional poems and showing it up as his own to a Destroying and most Alluring Angel whom we used to call "Mrs. Fitzgarter," because she wore a gold one just above her well-chiselled left knee. The poem got into the possession of the Honourable Missis per a *chuprassi*, or red-coated minion, who had been sacked, and who, therefore, instead of delivering the missive to the correct address, took it to the Haggard Rider or She Who Had To Be Obeyed by her rather flighty lord. The evidence, of course, was of the most damning nature, because some of the verses said something about his wanting to be a scented fan which lay upon her (Mrs. Fitzgarter's) pillow, or a sandal lute or a silver lamp which burned before her shrine, and that he simply hated the jealous dawn which spread veils of separation between her face and his, and that he wanted the wild-parrot day to get a gait on and tender night to bring her with its swift consoling darkness to the refuge of his breast. Rather too *empressé* to admit of much credible explanation!

## Quo Vadis?

THE question of a future asylum for certain notorious characters, who have been monopolising the headlines for over three years, must



W/Cdr. "Johnny" Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C.

Wing Commander P. R. "Johnny" Walker is the leader of a famous Spitfire Wing, and won his D.S.O. for his work in the Dieppe raid. He was one of the few original members of the No. 1 Hurricane Squadron who went to France in 1939, and returned to take part in the Battle of Britain



Sq. Ldr. C. J. Fee, D.F.C.

"Nobby" Fee, R.C.A.F., awarded the D.F.C. for his part in the Combined Operations raid on Dieppe, is a Canadian from Calgary. Before coming to this country he was Chief Flying Instructor at an Empire Training School in Canada



Sq. Ldr. R. H. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C.

Another Dieppe raid award was that of the D.S.O. to Sq. Ldr. R. H. Thomas, R.A.F. A Southampton man, he commands the famous Mysore Squadron, presented to the R.A.F. by the Maharaja of Mysore

be agitating their minds, for the choice of such a place is very strictly limited. If this problem is not worrying them, then German thoroughness is a myth. Presupposing that escape is possible, where are they to go? The whole of Europe would seem to be off the map; Japan might not be exactly safe; neither Greenland's icy mountains nor India's coral strand (with or without The Mahatma's consent) would offer harbourage. Where, then? The only remaining hope would seem to be the place now called Eire. It offered sanctuary many years ago to such remnants of Sidonia's commandos as were cast upon its beaches, and with the exception of Sweden and Switzerland, seems to be about the only genuine offer. But then again the present Remnants might not be popular with "the finest pisantry," unless they thought that there was a very good chance of selling them some horses. Here again a snag presents itself, for only two of the Remnants—Von Papen and "Von" Ribbentrop—know which end of a horse bites. The arch double-crosser has had a small taste of our English sport of fox-hunting. Von Papen came to Leicestershire for a very short time. He was not a success. "Von" Ribbentrop spent some months in the County Down Staghounds' country, but he was so busy writing reports about our decadence that I do not think he ever had time to have a go over that fine country. This question of "whither" is, therefore, a very thorny one. The German Propaganda Minister has bought some luxury flats somewhere in Switzerland, but will these be much more comfortable than a bamboo shack in some lonely island where the locals prefer man to Schweine Fleisch? Admittedly in the case under discussion there would not be a noticeable difference between the two, but being chewed to death must be most unpleasant.

#### Warwickshire's Little Admiral

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HEReward WAKE has written to *The Times* quoting some passages from a letter he got from Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, written since he has been a prisoner of war in Italy.



D. R. Stuart

#### Sisters and Brother

Mrs. Flowerdew (left), formerly Margot Stewart, seen here with her twin brother and sister, Plt. Off. Ted Stewart, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Netta Stewart, was tennis champion of Dorset, and a regular pre-war Wimbledon competitor. She married Dr. Flowerdew, well-known squash racquets player, now serving overseas, this year



#### Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment

Greville

Front row: The Rev. A. R. C. Leaney (C.F.), Capt. S. J. F. Upton, Major R. L. Hurst, Capt. R. G. Turton, the Commanding Officer, Brig. R. J. P. Wyatt, M.C., Major R. L. Moore, M.C., Major A. C. Clayton, Capt. J. M. Backwith, J. R. Mason, N. P. Balzer. Middle row: Lieut. C. E. Scrase, Lieut. (Q.M.) T. W. Harris, 2nd Lieut. H. P. Day, Capt. W. T. Woodruffe, 2nd Lieut. P. C. Harris, 2nd Lieut. P. P. Norton, Lieut. J. T. Weall, Lieut. P. M. Mordaunt, 2nd Lieut. R. Bates, Lieut. R. K. Milne. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. J. M. Rix, S. W. Chandler, P. A. Lyle, J. Sharples, S. F. Knight, R. M. Williams, F. E. Warneford, W. S. Eade, Lieut. A. H. Drummond, 2nd Lieut. P. R. W. Thomson



#### Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

(Left to right; back row) Mr. Hutt; Plt. Offs. E. J. Jackson, D. C. Moon, G. W. Heeley, J. G. Grundy; Fly. Off. R. O. Archer; Plt. Offs. H. E. Wood, D.F.C., D. W. Johns; Mr. Douglas. (2nd row) Mr. Avery; Flt. Lieuts. O. Roberts, I. Wetherell, S. Millard, W. Taylor; Fly. Off. W. M. Murdoch; Mr. H. Maggs, Mr. Scriven. (3rd row) Fly. Off. S. J. Hawkins, D.F.M.; Plt. Off. L. Wood; Fly. Off. J. Austin; Flt. Lieuts. R. Lane, J. Bennett, J. Russell; Plt. Off. L. Whensley; Flt. Lieuts. R. Wigley-Jones, L. Preedy, A. Walker, P. Halls, J. Flaherty; Plt. Off. E. D. Norman; Fly. Off. R. Broadbent; Plt. Off. R. J. Hewett, D.F.M. (4th row) Flt. Lieuts. D. Drysdale, W. H. McIntyre; Sq. Ldr. R. Walsh; Flt. Lieuts. G. McGregor, J. W. Oliver, J. H. Hick, F. J. Edgell, R. Debenham, T. Watson, J. L. Coldwells; Sq. Ldr. W. Vassall; Flt. Lieuts. H. T. Smith, E. B. Green, E. N. Hewitt. (Sitting) Sister Osmond; A.S.O. James; Flt. Lieut. T. Ekins; Sq. Ldrs. W. Herd, E. Cook; Wing Com. Pettit; Group Capt. J. H. Dand, M.B.E.; Sq. Ldrs. L. Jobbins, J. Bell, J. Halliday; A.S.O. D. Bell; Sister O'Regan



D. R. Stuart

#### From Golf to Cricket

Group Captain John Morrison, the English international golfer and soccer player, is now organising cricket matches for the R.A.F. in South-West England with great success. With him here is Sq. Ldr. E. H. Maddick, his second in command

This tells us that the hard-riding little sailor only surrendered after he had emptied his revolver into his captors, downing one of them. They had given him a burst of machine-gun fire and missed him, even though he was standing upright in a Bren-gun carrier. Their nerves must have been shot all to fiddle-strings, for they cannot have been such rotten marksmen as all that. A letter from someone on the H.Q. staff in Cairo was sent me not so long ago, and was published in these notes. The writer said that the Admiral had become a legend in the desert, and that the Indian cavalry regiment with which he was serving was very proud of him, as well it might be. Out hunting he always went as if he had half-a-dozen spare necks in his pocket, always looking out for the biggest places and never mounted on anything really first class. He got very few falls, which proves yet once again that where there is no fear there is no danger. Sir Hereward Wake, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Royal Humane Society's medal, was formerly in the 60th Rifles, in which his eldest son, Hereward, is now serving.

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## The Stuarts

MISS JANE LANE'S *King James the Last* (Andrew Dakers; 12s. 6d.) might be called a partisan biography. Enemies of Jacobitism, or those quite indifferent to the subject, might find in her book an attempt to whitewash the last of the Stuart kings. Certainly, as a champion of James II., Miss Lane shows herself zealous—but at the same time careful, shrewd, temperate. For her account of King James, his ideas, feelings and actions, she has drawn largely on his account of himself, as found in his *Memoirs*. But she has been at pains to check up on the royal statements, and to provide the background and the historical contexts that give them verisimilitude.

*King James the Last* is, however, more than the life-story of a misjudged and cruelly injured man. And it is much more than a flourish of Jacobite sentiment. Sentiment, indeed—as Mr. Compton Mackenzie points out in his succinct Preface—has always been the worst enemy of the Jacobite cause. The romantic glamour of all the Stuarts has been overworked by the romance-merchant, till their very legend seems to belong to the realm of suspect fiction. Jacobitism has thus been dismissed by many serious people as a heady dream, as a cause that was better lost. And, for the uninformed dreamer or fiction-addict, the final charm of the Stuarts consists in their having been defeated—had they been successful they would probably not still reign in so many hearts. Yes, too much argument, for or against the Stuarts, takes on a purely emotional colour, in which historical knowledge plays little part. As constitutional monarchs they were, one admits, impossible. But they never did claim to be constitutional monarchs. What, then, was the principle for which they did stand?

The concern of Miss Jane Lane has been to define this principle. It was, in fact, the idea of absolute kingship, based upon Divine Right. And to this (which lost the Stuarts the throne of England) Miss Lane and all other Jacobites still subscribe. One might call it the mystical, as opposed to the constitutional, view of kingship. It has been attacked by some people as inherently wrong, by others because some English kings (being human) have from time to time abused or exploited it. Miss Lane leads up to her study of our last absolute monarch by a résumé, in one light, of English history. She traces, briefly but ably, the history of English kingship up to the birth of James II. Her résumé serves to develop her argument—which is, that the foes of true kingship have not been true lovers of liberty, but were drawn from a self-interested class who were jealous of the power held by the king.

The king's enemies—and Miss Lane's villains—were, in fact, from pre-Norman times, the moneyed and landed class whom she calls the Oligarchy. Throughout centuries of English history she traces a continuous

Oligarchy intrigue. This intrigue (claims Miss Lane) had the nerve to pass itself off as a battle for constitutional liberty—while it was, in fact, no more than an attempt to keep filching power from the royal hands in which it had been placed by God. The Coronation of William of Orange (and Mary) also crowned this age-long intrigue with at least a worldly success. Since then (again claims Miss Lane) the triumphant Oligarchy have controlled those authorised books of history that have been foisted upon the English child. In fact, we Britons who never shall be slaves have been, Miss Lane feels, unknowingly slaves of a wrong idea.

The Oligarchy, descendants of the bad barons, impinge on more modern history as odious Whigs. Any kings that they did back up were their bought men. They failed to buy up the Stuarts: Stuarts (with the doubtful exception of Charles II., who hedged) refused to compromise over a cardinal idea. Therefore, the Oligarchy "murdered" two Stuarts—Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I.—outright (the inverted commas are mine; Miss Lane does not mince words). They then—and this proved far more insidious—murdered the reputation of a third. James II., again, was a martyred king.

Certainly, the idea that James II. was a "bad" king has, since then, been handed to English children on plates, and still rules a number of adult minds. This idea, in Miss Lane's view, shows the defence-work of an uneasy conscience. Its purpose is to justify the Revolution of 1688, that put William of Orange in James II.'s place, and stamped kingship as merely human, no longer divine. I never know what to think about William of



In the U.S.A.

Miss Iris Hall, the American actress, appeared in London at the Phoenix Theatre before the war in "The Night of January 16th!" Miss Hall has since been working in America with the British American Ambulance Corps and the Theatre Wing Fund. In private life she is the wife of Mr. Peter Eric de Rees, the well-known British scientist and pharmacologist.

Orange, and at the end of this book I know even less. It seems to me that Miss Lane, for the sake of her argument, weights the scales against William with something approaching fury; not a crack in his manners or morals is let pass. She shows us a crook and a double-crosser, a person at once glum and libidinous.

The good "King Billy" of the Protestant idyll is considerably damaged by her pen.

## Misunderstood

EVEN those who find Miss Lane's views rather extreme, or who find themselves startled by her contentions, cannot fail to be interested by her study of James II. the man. His tragedy—shadowed childhood, his adventurous youth in exile, his love of the Navy and career as an admiral (who won us one of our greatest sea victories), are gallantly, feelingly described. James had a difficult temperament: under no circumstances would he have found life easy. His marriage and succession of love-affairs failed to break down his personal solitude. He was most himself with children and animals. He was, by Miss Lane's showing, at once ennobled and hampered by his unbreakable trust in human nature: he continued to believe the best of all men. His support of his brother, Charles II., during that reign, was selfless. His conversion to the Roman Catholic religion was an ordeal that entailed some agony: he was conscious, and was to be made more conscious, of the damage this step must do to his cause. Religious toleration became, more and more, his aim. Miss Lane clears James of those charges

(Concluded on page 376)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"PEOPLE there don't know there's a war on!" How

By Richard King

often we have heard those words lately from friends who have just returned from a holiday in a "safe" place! And they are always uttered in the manner of throwing brickbats! As if a small bomb for breakfast might do the blissfully ignorant quite a shade of good! As, perhaps, it might—but not so much good as it would do us to throw it! Thus war has its own special pettiness, and "a trouble shared is a trouble halved" has not always that beautiful significance appropriate to perfect friendship. In fact, quite often to share a sour grape is to sweeten it! The more fortunate rarely find sympathetic communion among the less lucky, though, strangely enough, they always seem to expect it!

Thus, the other evening, when I was taking supper in a public restaurant, after having had a couple of gasometers and a huge block of luxury flats blown up within fifty yards of my own house that very afternoon, I was rendered absurdly furious by listening to the drunken babble of two youngish men and their flaxen-haired female attachments, describing how they had all won a lot of money that day at "the dogs." They were laughing; they were shouting; they were carrying on as if they had bought the world; and, being a presumed Christian, I ought to have rejoiced with those who rejoice. Instead of that, I wanted to give them a dose of mustard-gas!

And when I thought of all the sorrow and suffering, the heartbreak and the tragedy, with which the world is once

again saturated, mentally I changed the mustard-gas into a machine-gun! Yet—and the thought would protrude itself—I realised that if I, myself, had suddenly found a couple of hundred pounds in my lap, so to speak, I, too, should have been celebrating, expecting congratulations, but not really getting any!

So I salved my conscience by hating these men and their two war blondes as "types." The type which always seem to wriggle out of doing anything to win the war, and make a lot of money for themselves while wriggling. Everybody knows them, everybody has met them and everybody asks themselves how on earth they manage to do it? And nobody seems to know the answer! I don't. Even in peacetime they are objectionable. In times such as these they are loathsome.

And yet, the thought still haunts me that this, again, is perchance a kind of disguised sour grape-ism. For, to be quite honest, I am almost as much irritated by the black marketeer as I am by the simple soul who is convinced that all which ever happens is ultimately for the very best. Irritated all the more because I know that the former's home will be gaily beflagged on the day of victory, and the latter I have often heard haggling with her grocer over her egg ration! I must therefore try once more to shut out the people who ruffle me for being what they are—shut them out of my inner life, accepting them like taxes which you have to pay for the benefit of being alive. For there is no war more violent than when one pettiness meets another pettiness and fights for an unimportant victory.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



Brooke — Philips

2nd Lieut. C. J. G. G. Brooke, 16/5th Lancers, son of Brigadier W. H. Brooke, of Barn Close, Lympstone, Devon, and the late Mrs. Brooke, married Pamela Valerie Philips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Philips, of Brun's Grange, St. Leonards, Tring, at St. Peter's, Eaton Sq.



Crew — Martin

Pilot Officer George Crew, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Crew, of Capesthorpe, Pinner, married Virginia Martin, only daughter of Mr. O. M. Martin, of Toronto, and Mrs. Swinton Parker, of 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W., at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



Hope — Vickers

Lieut. Albert H. P. Hope, Welsh Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. W. Hope, of 17, Edwardes Square, S.W., married Angela Nanette Vickers, daughter of the late V. C. Vickers and Mrs. Vickers, of 100, Albion Gate, W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



D. R. Stuart

Langdon — Townsend

Captain John Gordon Langdon, The King's Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Langdon, of Bromborough, Cheshire, and Joan Pamela Townsend, daughter of Mr. H. E. D. Townsend, of Somerset, and Mrs. Townsend, of Pevensey Bay, were married at St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford



Carnegy — Tubbs

Hector David Carnegy, only son of the late Rev. F. W. Carnegy and Mrs. Carnegy, of Cowarne Lodge, Rosemount Road, Bournemouth, and Pamela Tubbs, were married at St. Stephen's, Bournemouth. The bride is a niece of the late Sir Stanley Tubbs, Bt., of Wotton-under-Edge



Duckworth — Wauhope

Captain Richard D. Duckworth, R.A., only son of Sir Edward and Lady Duckworth, of Wilford Rise, Woodbridge, Suffolk, married Violet Alison Wauhope, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. B. Wauhope, of The Mount House, Highclere, Newbury, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Ackrill

Lewis — Hunter

Sub-Lieut. Claud Edward Lewis, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Lewis, of 23, Pannal Ash Drive, Harrogate, married Peggy Averil Hunter, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hunter, of 18, Queen's Road, Harrogate, at Christ Church, Harrogate



R.C.A.F. Photo

Pritchard — Northwood

Wing Commander Charles Pritchard, D.F.C., R.C.A.F., and Rosamund Northwood, of Winnipeg, Canada, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. He is the son of the late A. G. Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard, of London. Air Marshal Harold Edwards gave the bride away



Barker

Jefferies — Holt

Wing Commander Francis R. Jefferies, A.F.C., R.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jefferies, of 13, Norman Avenue, St. Margarets-on-Thames, married Frances R. Appleby Holt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Appleby Holt, of Brede Place, Rye, Sussex, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

E. P. Willcox, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Brewis. The bride had six attendants, and there were more than two hundred people at the reception afterwards, including Air Chief-Marshall Sir William Sholto Douglas and Lady Sholto Douglas; Air Marshal and Mrs. Garrod, Air Vice-Marshall J. Slessor and Air Vice-Marshall Coryton.

### Red Tabs and Gold Braid

A DISTINGUISHED moment at the May Fair was the one when three generals, two admirals, two vice-admirals and an air marshal were all on the dance-floor at the same time. The cabaret they listened to later was Clifford Stanton doing his brilliant imitations of screen, stage and political celebrities, with high lights on the one of Lord Beaverbrook. Stanton is in the River Police; and comes straight off the Thames to his cabaret duties. He has lots of stories about river adventures—one exciting night, during the Blitz, thirty heavy coal-barges got loose, and had to be rounded up in pitch dark. "It made the wildest Texan rodeo look like the vicar's annual garden-party," he said. Eventually all were successfully captured, including a "prize steer" which fought long and resourcefully. He whiles away slack midnight moments by entertaining his fellows with magic, the profession with which he started his career.

In appreciation of splendid services of miners, the directors of the May Fair are sending Jack Jackson and his band to the village of Askern, near Doncaster, to give a concert to the workers in Mr. Theodore Instone's mine, after which the band will go down the pit to see how "the other half live." This is the first time that West End artists have ever performed especially for miners.

Distinguished people in and out of the hotel lately include Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Tennyson, Commandant Lady Carlisle, Lady Newborough, and Lady Claude Hamilton.

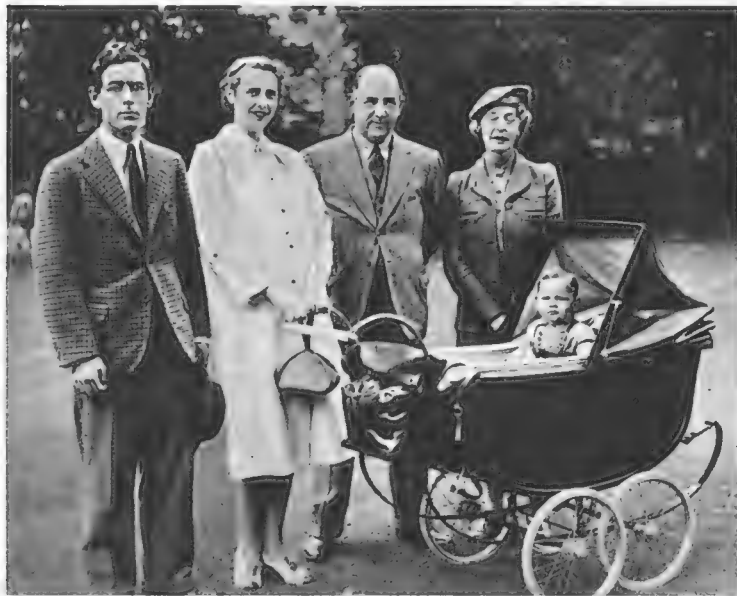
### Dates and Fetes

THE Dowager Lady Reading, D.B.E., chairman of the W.V.S., paid a visit to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, to meet W.V.S. members and inspect their activities. At the Central Hall she met all members of rest centres, staffs, housewives' service, open doors, canteen helpers, and emergency services, then went on to the W.V.S. office to meet office staff, staff drivers, messengers, salvage stewards, working-party members, and knitters, and then, at the Gaiety Cinema, was introduced to the clothing-stores helpers.

In Selsey there was a fete in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., in the grounds of Mrs. Hughes-Hallett's home. Stalls, side-shows, and entertainments raised £60, and another £10 was obtained from a dance in the church hall on the following evening. Miss Roxborough, from the headquarters of the League of Pity, gave a charming, informal talk during the afternoon.

At Cadlington House, Blendworth, Mrs. Murray organised a fete on behalf of the Portsmouth Diocesan Moral Welfare Council. Lady James, wife of Admiral Sir William James, the retiring Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, made an opening speech, in which she pointed out the special importance of the Council's work among the younger generation.

Lady Howe proposed a vote of thanks to Lady James, who was introduced by the Rector of Blendworth, the Rev. H. M. Lake.



Johnson, Oxford

### A Family Party at Burford Priory

In this group are Lieut. Patrick and Lady Anne Southby, with Sir Archibald and Lady Southby, and Richard Southby. Lady Anne is the elder daughter of Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, and married Sir Archibald Southby's younger son in 1939. Sir Archibald is M.P. for Epsom, and his grandson, Richard, is the first baby to be born at his home, Burford Priory, for 100 years

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

of cowardice that were put about by his enemies, and have clung. He is also defended against that other charge—cruelty, approval of the Bloody Assize and un-avuncular, revengeful harshness to Monmouth (Monmouth being an Oligarchy tool).

In James's return to the exile he had known in his youth there is surely the substance of tragedy. The loss of his people's good faith, the desertion of his two daughters, the uncertain future of his young heir, combined to cripple his heart. From gloomy St. Germain-en-Laye he could watch his cousin, the Roi Soleil, in the glory of an absolute monarchy for which the day of reckoning was not to come yet. Sombre James died a pensioner of the Sun King.

### The Young and the War

"THE DAWN IS OURS" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a war novel that should be popular. Youthful high spirits dominate it. Mr. Charles Jerrot's hero, young Peter Graie, leaves work in a film studio to join up with a famous cavalry regiment which is already fully mechanised. The author's own experience becomes Peter's, and thus we are given a striking and clearly authentic picture of life in the Royal Armoured Corps—from the outbreak of war on through to the Dunkirk beaches, and the hero's happy return to his young wife—their reunion, a thoroughly sunny idyll, takes place in the grounds of his old preparatory school.

The story drags no depths—and how wisely not! The experiences of the subaltern alternate with the experiences of a remarkably happy and lucky lover. The embarrassments of the young man who runs out of money in the course of a courtship evening round London town are evidently as trying, and go as deep, as any rigours afield in mechanised war. *The Dawn is Ours* ends on a happy note. For these two young people, war is a passing evil: its spiritual damage appears nil. Their child has been named after Peter's lovely sister, Anne, early victim of an enemy bomb. Across the second Anne's cradle the two young Graies salute the dawn of a better world.

### Women in Action

MISS THEODORA BENSON'S *Sweethearts and Wives* (Faber and Faber; 5s.) is unmarred by any prosy note about women. Miss Benson rightly takes it for granted that women should play their part in war, not only with a good heart, but with good grace. There was, I remember, a tendency in the last war for women who played their parts to become rather grim and bossy, and praise for their "wonderfulness" used to be tempered by the apprehension that they might lose their feminine attributes. Miss Benson ignores, with the contempt it merits, the suggestion that women are being "wonderful" this time: they are merely behaving like human beings. For years now, their sex has not isolated them from any major part of human experience, and when war comes they share that experience too. Faculties of precision, quickness and patience, that may lie idle in peacetime, now come into full play.

*Sweethearts and Wives* is a book that, though not a novel, shows the novelist's skill. Miss Benson is sensitive to, and can render, the atmosphere in which work, of all sorts, is done, the temperament of the workers, the relations existing between them. Consequently, her accounts of life in the Services, in the A.R.P., in factories, in hospitals, on the land, could not be more engaging—or better informed. She uses scraps of dialogue, telling word-photographs, small scenes. The exactions of war do not make women robots; uniform does not erase personality. Lasting preference for the things of peace—beauty, security, gentleness, all the arts of the home—inspire rather than weaken the woman worker. Nature designed women for peace, not war. But they have also been given a realism that makes them see that peace, like war, must be won.

So Miss Benson shows how the heat of war has forged the feminine temperament into a fine steel without altering its essential nature. Herself an exponent of the graces of life, she shows how these graces are unsubdued. Against this background of faith she pictures, in satisfactory practical detail, the different kinds of work that women are doing. *Sweethearts and Wives* should be a useful handbook to women wondering where and how to serve best. It contains, I imagine, no false pictures, and underrates no difficulties. The illustrations (Ministry of Information photographs, and others) add further interest. A sane, sound, excellent—and enjoyable—book.

### The Wit of the Pencil

MR. DAVID LOW—just "Low" is good enough for us all—has been an inspired choice as the author of the Britain in Pictures book on *British Cartoonists, Caricaturists and Comic Artists* (Collins; 4s. 6d.). He gives not only a history of comic art, but a critique of its different practitioners. Like all the rest in this series, his book is generously illustrated, in line and colour. The pictures bear out his writing; the choice of them has been, I imagine, his own.

### A Thrill and a Lift

"MOMENTARY STOPPAGE," by A. F. Grey (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is a detective-story that will have nostalgic appeal for those who have lived in and loved Paris. Though it deals with (apparent) crime, it recalls many happy days. The motherly concierge of an apartment house is the presiding goddess; it is she who finally clears her amiable locataires in the course of a searching police enquiry—a jeweller has been attacked in the house lift. The characters are well drawn and the scene is well set. The happy ending will be begrudged by none.



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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Everyone is now seriously considering late autumn and winter raiment, therefore some thoroughly practical illustrations of the same are portrayed on this page. It is a Travella coat that is seen above. It has gone into residence in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, where it is surrounded by others in bold check designs in decidedly attractive colour schemes. They may be slipped on in the fraction of a second, are light, warm and perfectly ventilated. There are tweed coats, admirably cut, of a non-committal character

Never has there been a time when the tailored suit has been regarded with greater favour, as it can be worn under a fur or other coat. The suit pictured above comes from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, and is carried out in all-wool Scotch tweed, the entire scheme being in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Trade. The pleats are arranged in such a manner that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. The collar and revers are becoming. No one should leave these salons without visiting the millinery department



Women who feel the cold—the majority do nowadays—must at the earliest opportunity visit the Knitwear Department at Debenhams and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. To them must be given the credit of the wrap on the left, of which two views are given. It is of the cardigan character, and is carried out in soft, fleecy wool with an adjustable hood. In the first picture this accessory is depicted turned back, and in the second arranged over the head, and it can be removed and readjusted in the fraction of a second. Here are likewise to be seen an infinite variety of little coats and boleros made of the softest wool



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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

### Stories from Everywhere

IT was a country railway station, and the village was about a mile away. A traveller who was making a call in the village asked if he might leave his box there while he was away. The porter said: "Certainly, sir. But you had better put a label on it."

The traveller said he was afraid he had not got one, but after searching for some time in his pockets he produced an old pack of playing cards, and said, "Here, stick this king of hearts on."

About an hour later he returned and met the porter, who was grinning and chuckling. The traveller asked him what was the joke, and the man replied:

"Well, sir, just after you'd gone a gentleman came along and took an ace of hearts out of his pocket. He put it on top of your king and went off with the box."

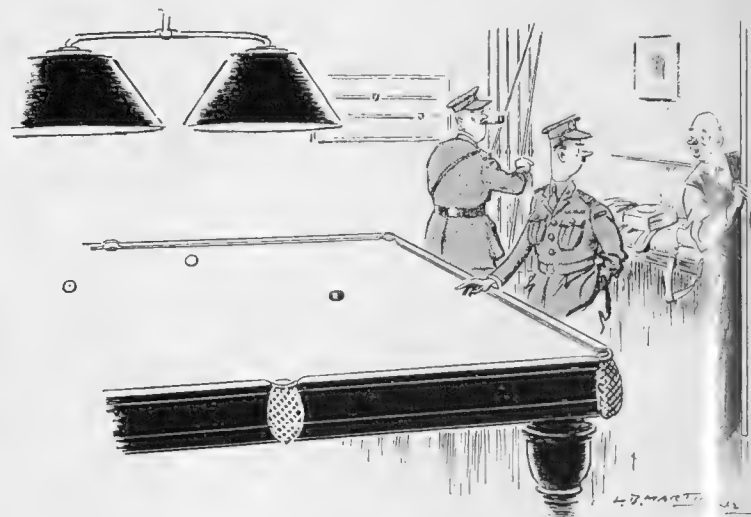
"HALLO, my lad," said the employer to the small son of an employee who had met with an accident, "when will your father be fit for work again?"

"I can't say, sir," replied the lad, "but it will be a long time."

"What makes you think that?"

"'Cos compensation's set in."

A DEFINITION of a Committee: A group of men who keep minutes and waste hours.



"What's the idea of this tomato?"

"Why, someone pinched the red ball, sir"

A MAN entered an engineering shop and asked to see the manager. When he came face to face with the latter he said, "I'm looking for a job as a mechanic."

The manager looked at him hard for a moment, and then said:

"But aren't you the man we fired yesterday?"

"That's right."

"Then," asked the manager, "why have you come here looking for a job?"

"Why not?" retorted the applicant truculently, "I lost it here, didn't I?"

THE sergeant-major felt queer with a bad cold in the head, and his temper was even shorter than ever.

Facing the parade, he opened his mouth, but not a sound emerged, and he got scarlet in the face as he tried to speak.

His neck muscles straining and his eyes bloodshot, he made several more attempts to shout a command.

In the silence that followed a voice came from the rear rank.

"Blimey!" it said, "it's a blooming miracle!"

A MAN was walking along a Berlin street muttering to himself, "And all this trouble for one man."

A policeman overheard him and arrested him. When he appeared before the judge the latter asked him to which man he was referring. The reply was "Winston Churchill," and the case was dismissed.

As the man was leaving the courthouse he met the policeman who had arrested him.

"What man did you think I meant when you arrested me?" he asked in passing.

A MAN entered the hotel bar and ordered whisky to be served in a wine glass. When it was put before him, he poured the liquor on the floor, ate the top of the glass and threw away the base and stem. Then he stalked out of the place.

The barman stared after him in amazement.

"Funny bloke that," he remarked to a man standing near.

"He must be," replied the other man. "He's thrown away the best part."

*Paper is important in the fight for Freedom.  
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We regret these housecoats cannot be sent on approval.



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### Paper Work

WRITING and reading are the cause and the curse of modern scribblisation. Mr. Henry Kaiser, when putting forward his scheme for air carrying on the grand scale, said the other day that forty per cent of the people in some of the big ship-building works were engaged on keeping records, dealing with documents, juggling with statistics, balancing up accounts and the like.

It may be assumed—though I have no figures to go on—that in aircraft manufacture the proportion of scribblers over fabricators is higher than in ship-building. The “still and mental parts” must occupy many men and women.

Machine minders and pen pushers seem to be the almost equally balanced components of the aircraft or aero-engine manufactory. But what is curious is that increasing mechanisation reduces the numbers of the first group, but seems to increase the numbers of the second.

For today the pen pushers have their machines. Once I had one myself; an electric typewriter. It was a beautiful instrument which made a continuous purring sound. The slightest touch on a key would elicit a lightning letter and on another key would cause the carriage to fly across with a deafening crash. It made writing a thrilling business and I frequently had visions of the machine, through some error in voltage control, running away and typing out my article all on its own at breakneck speed.

Unfortunately that degree of automaticity has not yet been attained and the activities of an electric typewriter have to be directed as sternly as those of a jig borer.

### Expeditors

BUT the curious thing is that the more pen pushing there is, the greater does output become. If you transferred half the pen pushers to machine minding, you would have more material workers; yet your production would fall.

In nothing has this been demonstrated more clearly than in the expeditors employed in some of the big United States aircraft factories in fairly large numbers. Their name defines their duty. And they are allied to

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

special groups of men who study special jobs and sometimes devise special machines for doing them.

This is how the “octopus” came into existence in the Boeing works. It is a horrific-looking machine, with innumerable hydraulic leads coiling out in all directions and it punches slots—many at a time—in the transverse frames which form the basis of the Fortress fuselages.

The “octopus” was invented by one of these special study groups and it has repaid thousands of times over the pen pushing that went into its conception and design. It rather looks as if production rises in ratio to pen pushing.

### Base Uses

IT was good to see the celebrations of the end of the third year of war taking account of the work done by the Royal Air Force in securing Britain as a base. “Turning points” in the war are getting so frequent in the statements of the commentators that the suggestion is that the war is going round in small circles. But the air battles over Britain in 1940 and 1941 were a turning point.

If the Royal Air Force had lost those battles, Britain would have gone down and with it the last remaining effective base in Europe for striking back at the enemy from the west.

All the great bombing raids, all the mine laying, all the photographic reconnaissance, all the anti-submarine patrol—all these and many other activities have been maintained by virtue of the air victory of 1940-41.

If Britain had gone down then, the Dominions would, of course, have kept on the fight. But the enemy would have been given an overwhelming

advantage. And it is one of the curiosities of air war that our most important victory arose from what I believe to be a mistaken organisation of air power.

I have always felt that the air must dominate strategy and I have always recognised that that means that it must enter into and be integrated with land and sea operations. Independent air power is incomplete.

Yet in the air battle over Britain it worked almost independently although I suppose it could be argued that it would not have won that battle had there been no English Channel and no Royal Navy. For some of our southerly aerodromes did get knocked about a bit and had the Germans had a hard road to them they might have seized them with an armoured force. Then they would have been able to move up their aircraft one step nearer and that might have made things very difficult.

### New Aircraft

COLONEL LLEWELLIN, the Minister of Aircraft Production, has promised that new and better aircraft will soon be in service with the Royal Air Force in numbers. We may also assume that the United States Air Force in Britain (it seems to be one Air Force out of several, all of which are part of the U.S. Army) will be putting in new types.

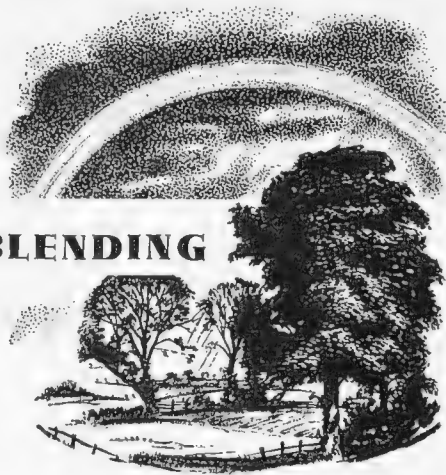
From Australia there has been news of some excellent medium bombers being in service. Lockheed Lightning single-seat fighters have also been reported in that country.

All these new machines will provide a most arresting study for everybody interested in aviation. Their total effect will be, I hope, to step up slightly the technical lead of the United Nations over the enemy.

But we should do wrong to under-estimate the enemy's machines and there has been a tendency to do that with the Focke-Wulf 190.

We can look forward to the new United Nations aircraft with confidence; but we have to be careful not to suppose that the new German aircraft will not also represent a big advance on earlier types.

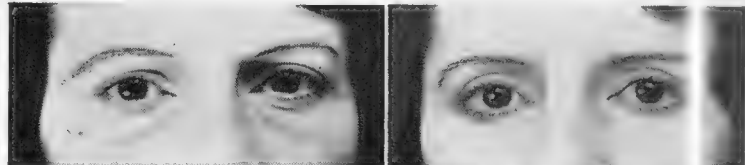
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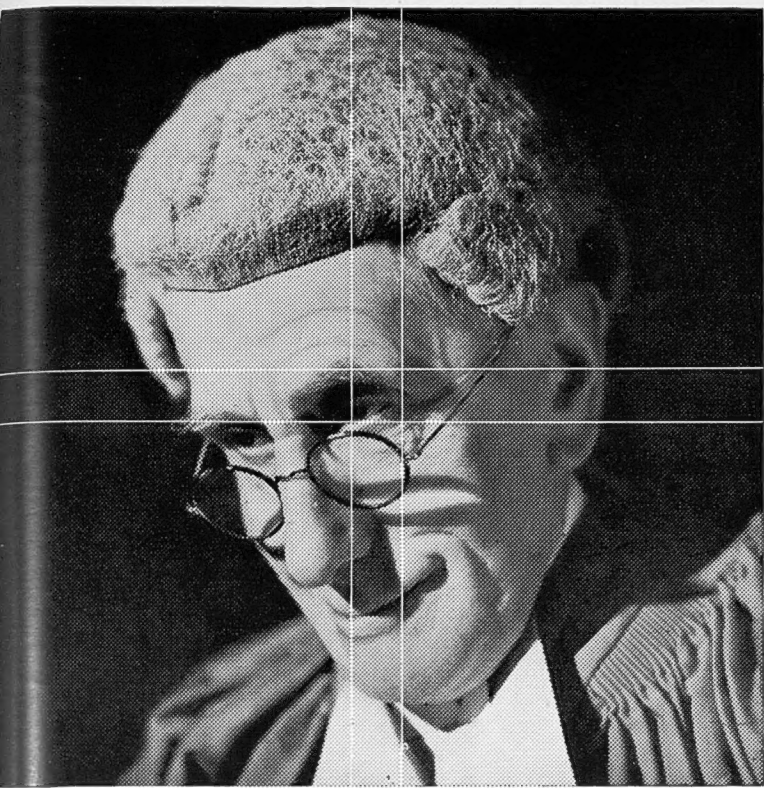
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- 2 Fill from the bottom of your pouch. Pack evenly and firmly but not tightly enough to stop an easy draw.
- 3 An occasional *outward* draught through the pipe keeps it alight, if it shows signs of going out.
- 4 A small piece of clean paper (a cigarette paper for choice), crumpled into a loose ball and put into the bottom of the bowl before filling, will prevent waste, and stop bits of tobacco entering the stem.

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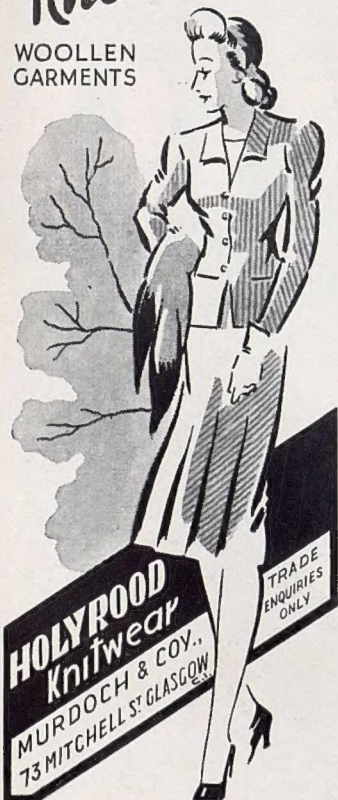
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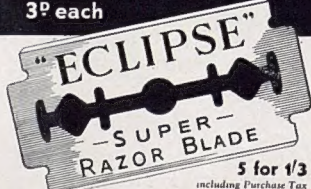
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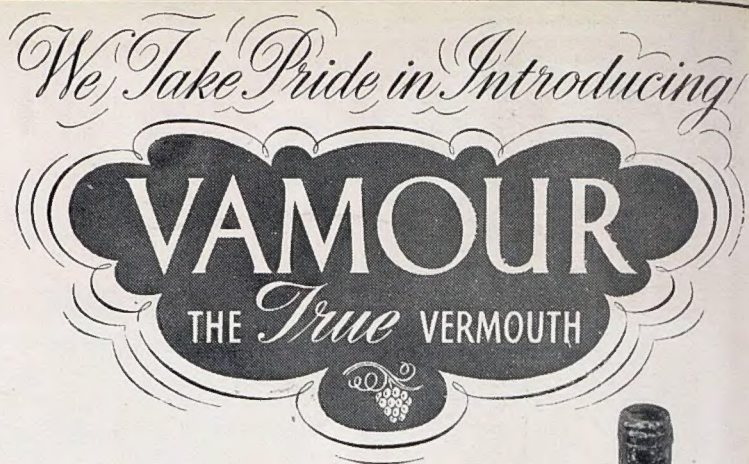


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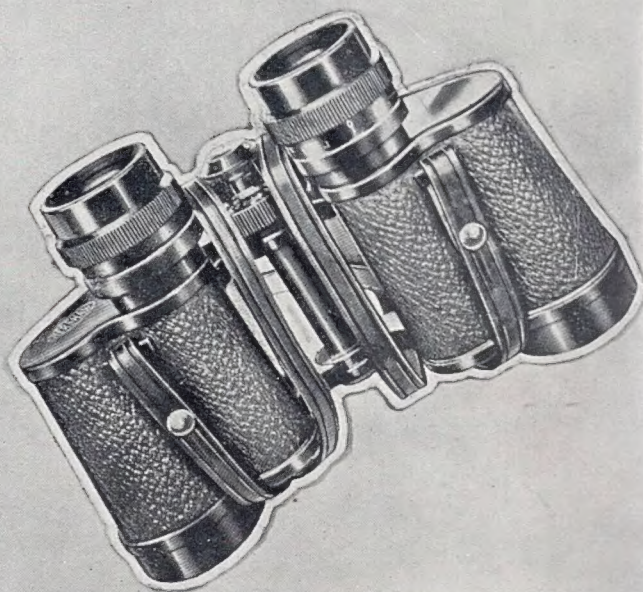
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